VOL. CCX, No. 2738

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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 2, 1952
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The SPHERE

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Volume CCX No. 2738

The SPHERE, London, August 2, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

ONE OF BRITAIN'S 2,000-M.P.H. DEFENCE ROCKETS—A GUIDED MISSILE BEING LAUNCHED OVER THE SEA FROM THE WELSH EXPERIMENTAL STATION OF THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY AT ABERPORTH: The rocket is being boosted up to its cruising speed by the motors attached to its sides. After a few seconds of flight these boost motors drop off and the missile itself continues on by its main motor. The rocket can be made to alter course with rapidity, and is intended for use against attacking aircraft. It probably has five times the manœuvrability of a fighter plane.

Last week-end the Minister of Supply, Mr. Duncan Sandys, and the Secretary of State for Air, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., flew to South Wales to attend the firing trials of Britain's new guided rockets at Aberporth. Afterwards Mr. Sandys said: "I remember at the end of the war discussing with some of our leading scientists the possibility of developing guided rockets for anti-aircraft defence. I never imagined that what was then no more than a vague and distant conception would so soon have become a reality. There are still many technical difficulties to be overcome. It is clear, however, from the impressive firing trials, that some of the most complex scientific problems have been successfully solved and that we are coming within measurable distance of putting these fantastic new weapons into production. For reasons of military security I am not free to state precisely the actual performances which are being achieved, but I can at least say that guided rockets have been developed which can travel at well over 2,000 m.p.h. and can rise to heights far greater than any bomber is likely to reach for many years to come. These rockets can be steered or, better still, can steer themselves through the air with great accuracy. They are capable of rapidly altering course, as they would have to do to intercept aircraft taking evasive action. In fact, they can twist and turn with four or five times the degree of manœuvrability of a fighter plane."

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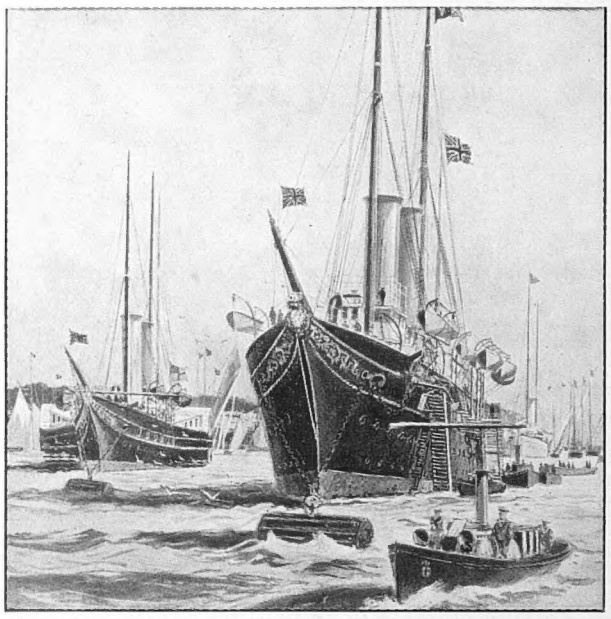
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE ROYAL YACHT IN THE CORONATION YEAR OF EDWARD VII: The 4,700-ton *Victoria and Albert*, the third Royal yacht to bear the name, was launched in 1899. An order for the hull of a new yacht for the Queen has now been placed with the Clydeside shipyard of John Brown.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

A Special Nine-page Feature
Heralding the 1952 Festival

A London Newsletter

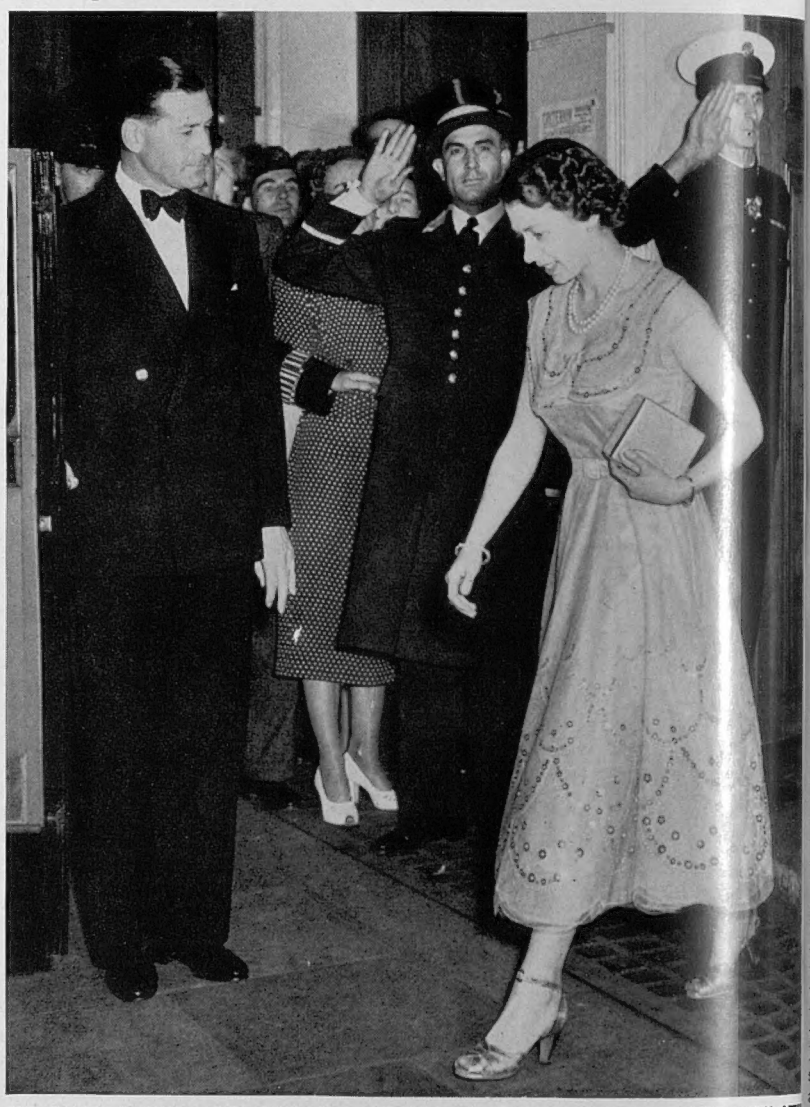
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

British Justice.—For my part, I take off my hat to the integrity of British justice. Where else in the world is such impartiality, such absolute faithfulness to the principle that a man is innocent until he is proved beyond all reasonable doubt to be guilty, to be found? It is not a question of whether he *is* guilty. There have been cases of acquittal after a plea of guilty. It is a question of whether the evidence produced in court by the prosecution, and acceptable under the rules of the court as evidence, is enough to convince a jury beyond reasonable doubt. Until that moment comes, the man in the dock (whatever and however black his past record may be) is regarded as an angel of light, spotless. It is for that reason that British juries must, during a case, be isolated like monks in a monastery, and each and all must keep himself in his cell, deaf to the voices of others, dumb on the matter-in-hand in court. The theory is unexceptionable, but it is an ideal hard to attain. Long before a given juror is selected, he may have read for days running coloured Press accounts of earlier court proceedings regarding a case he may try. And while the case is on, it is seldom that such monastic conditions are available in Assize towns. His monastery may be a country hotel, his cell a bar-parlour. But if a whisper get abroad of any talk on the matter in hand, British justice requires a new trial before a new jury. That may mean doubling the expense of the trial, the cancellation of important fixtures long arranged for busy judges, law officers and other counsel, the recall across England of discharged witnesses, and the repetition of hours wasted in opening, examination and cross-examination. In a murder case, then, a juror's responsibility is as awful as that of judge and counsel on either side, and may be less easy to maintain.

Poetic Justice.—We have the best authority in the world for the belief that those who take up the sword shall perish by the sword. In mundane experience we have come to believe that those who adopt crooked ways, themselves usually get involved in their own maze, and that those who break their pledged word or the laws are themselves at last broken. Our faith in divine or poetic justice is strengthened by the fate of dictators in our own time, and very recently by events in Persia and Egypt. Both those countries, through their rulers, broke their pledged words, sought to grab by force rights they had accorded to others, and very swiftly has poetic justice caught them up in their own toils. Economically, they are very much poorer than they were before their attempted grabs. Internationally, their reputations in civilisation have fallen very low. Internally, the intrigues and chicanery they employed against other nations have rocked their own security and influence. Two thrones have been badly shaken, chief Ministers have been ungummed, government under any conditions has become difficult, and the force which these rulers employed and let loose for nationalist aims has been turned upon their own peoples, who quickly caught the contagion of lawlessness to do some grabbing on their own account. We may feel sympathy for kings blackmailed by powerful demagogue Ministers into approving wild and unconstitutional courses, but our sympathy grows small when their own troubles are clearly due to their having succumbed to the blackmail and bartered their honour and statesmanship for their thrones.

Watertight Compartments.—The Duke of Edinburgh frankly admitted to the A.A. that he got the impression that each road association or organisation is working in a watertight compartment. I humbly share that impression with H.R.H., specially and generally. We have one single remedy in our democracy for all our troubles and problems: to form another committee, commission, authority, organisation, association to join, bedevil, contradict or handicap those that already exist. Each soon enough is a water- (or gas-) tight compartment, its minutes and agenda increase and multiply and are filed, and none of them co-operates with its allied bodies. So it is that many organisations continue with great goodwill to obstruct the hopes of sane and tasteful planning of what is left of our English heritage of natural beauty. So it is that this society, that committee and the organisation claim to speak for the lay magistrature, each having *some* authority and *some* objectives, but no one of them full authority or similar objectives. They talk always, quarrel sometimes and waste a vast amount of time and money. And so, no doubt, as H.R.H. observed, with the road and road-safety organisations. Every class of road-user has its organisation. Each class is a model of sanity and good behaviour and all other classes are mere road-hogs. Faster and faster the cars travel, worse and worse grow the antiquated roads built for governess carts; and our new democracy is made more ridiculous by refusing freedom to the individual and multiplying opportunities for organised bodies of individuals to talk and plan and quarrel and stumble over each other's feet.

THE QUEEN VISITS A LONDON THEATRE



THE QUEEN LEAVING THE CRITERION THEATRE IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS LAST WEEK AFTER SEEING THE PLAY "THE YOUNG ELIZABETH": Her Majesty, who was wearing an oyster-coloured gown and a double string of pearls, sat with a party of eight in the dress circle. The play was written by Jennette Dowling and her husband Francis Letton. It provides a picture of Elizabeth I from the death of her father, when she was fourteen, to her ascent of the throne ten years later.

Olympic Hopes.—As far as I could gather from first reports from Helsinki, Russian and Iron Curtain athletes began by scooping the pool, or looked like doing so, in records and victories, and only the U.S.A. seemed likely to challenge on behalf of the democratic imperialists. Where are British hopes? For my part I find they stand high. I think it was H. G. Wells who invented a war game, to be played with lead soldiers and a tape measure, which was to take the place of mass warfare as a very economical and definitive way of settling international disputes, still by the "arbitrament of war," but bloodless and cheap. Would not running and jumping and putting shots do as well? Surely it would pay the Western athletes to lose the crown of olives and so win the olive branch. Could not Russia be persuaded that Communism has won the total war, out and out, and finally, by merely piling up the highest marks in the stadium, and that nothing will remain to do but to consolidate the victory? How? By building an even more mammoth stadium behind the Iron Curtain and every five years compelling the defeated West to humiliate itself by taking sixth and seventh places in all the events, panting and stumbling behind the Soviet stars. Surely this is the ideal victory, where the winner doesn't lose as much as the defeated, where no one loses much.

where treasure is not poured out nor fair lands and cities devastated. Indeed, it is the perfect cold war, also; so perfect that an iron curtain becomes a positive handicap to propaganda effect, and is taken down for the greater glory of victorious Communism. I rate British Olympic hopes very much higher than I did.

Dinner-bells of the House.—One of those political columnists who does not pull his punches or worry much about the risks of court actions resulting from his trenchant comments, has listed certain M.P.s of all parties whose speeches empty the House. We have all "got a little list" of "society offenders" who range from plain bores to throttling, super-stupor bores. Most of them are club members, and I have a theory that many of them do what they do with *mens rea*, delighting sadistically in their terrible calling. But with M.P.s talk is their livelihood, their trade, and I am not sure it is not criminal libel to accuse such a man of incompetence in his trade so crass as to ensure that his oratory eliminates his audience. I am so careful a journalist that I dare not repeat the names enumerated by this columnist. One can be caught for passing on a libel. But I remember the names. I have been warned, and shall take evasive action. Indeed, I have added the names to my own secret list (as long as Don Giovanni's loves), which contains the names of many a Rt. Hon. Gentleman and many a distinguished personality in every walk of life. They 'd none of them be missed when they are on the job with their clichés, egotism or redundancies.

Consume Your Own Smoke.—Isolation was the old remedy for preventing the spread of infectious diseases. In old days, when a family was infected by a case of measles or scarlet fever, it was the thing to isolate it from the community as far as possible until the quarantine period ended satisfactorily. And to-day there are isolation hospitals which take the strain of home nursing. But when a community of 1,000 boys is affected by some such visitation, it is, I suppose, not so easy to "consume your own smoke." Or perhaps the utter ignorance of the medical profession as to the cause, the contagion and the carrying of "polio" alters the case and suspends the rule. It seemed to me odd that 1,000 boys in quarantine but not in contact (and who can decide definitely between contact and mere propinquity at Eton?) should be forbidden to attend Lord's, but be free to travel by car, train and plane to their parents' homes all over England, Scotland and Wales, or to Germany and the B.A.O.R., without any restriction whatever, carrying the risk, however slight, into a thousand homes and vastly enlarging the radius of risk. In short, it seemed to me curious that instead of prolonging the Eton half and taking all possible school measures to isolate known contacts while quarantine lasted, the authorities ended the half and broadcast the "germs" into every county. The answer, I fancy, is that parents are stronger than school authorities, and those who pay the piper his not so modest fee, call the tune.

Flying Saucers.—We are familiar with the Fleet Street wisecrack that "dog bites boy" is not a news item, while "boy bites dog" is so. A news item, in short, is a rare event. So it is in August nowadays that "man fails to swim Channel" is a news story, while "man swims Channel" is not. I fancy that the appearance of "flying saucers" is now soon to be relegated to the category of "nothing doing" in Fleet Street. Late in the day, I advance a theory to account for them. I have made them fly myself by night and day. On cloudy nights I have often made big ones fly when I was driving my car with headlights on up a steep hill. I have made small ones fly by night with my powerful electric torch turned skyward. And in daytimes I have produced them in the sky with a cheap little looking-glass. If these personal experiences of mine bring any comfort to panic-stricken Virginians, they are welcome to them. I am in a position to control both the speed and the sudden jinks of my flying saucers and flaming onions, and it is in those matters that the scientists and sleuths are to-day most at sea and most puzzled. I hope I have brought a ray of comfort to terrified humanity.

Lord Goschen.—I best remember the late Lord Goschen not as a successful Governor of Madras or of a great bank or as chairman of innumerable committees of importance, but as a man of infinite charm in social life. I believe he was nearly twenty years older than I am, but always I thought of him as a contemporary. He saw to that; he not only looked younger than his years, he kept himself younger by a remarkable sympathy with youth and affection for the company of younger people. I recall hearing him more than once at house parties long ago electing to "sit at the young table if I may, and if they 'll have me." They clamoured for him, and he did. The photograph published in *The Times* obituary exactly recalls him as I remember him between 1912 and 1939. He never seemed to change in appearance at all. I never saw him after the last war. His attraction for younger people was certainly due to his extraordinary sympathy and humility. He would listen with attention to the theories of the rawest youth on matters in which he was an expert, and he entered into all the frivolities without the slightest sacrifice of dignity or authority. In social life such men are rare and invaluable. They lend culture and continuity to social relations. They educate while they share the recreations of the rising generation. Pomposity was not in him. He could not pontificate or bore. He was ageless, and his sympathy, charm and lightness of touch were as natural and habitual to him as drawing breath.

THE OLD STAGER

AN 80-TON STEEL TOWER MAKES A TRICKY JOURNEY THROUGH LONDON

WITH ONLY INCHES TO SPARE THE VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S NEW FRACTIONATING TOWER MANŒUVRES A TRICKY CORNER IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD: Taking advantage of the week-end traffic lull in the centre of London, the fractionating tower, which is one of the largest loads ever carried on the roads of Britain, recently started on its journey from G. A. Harvey's steel-fabricating works at Greenwich, bound for the Vacuum Oil Company's new refinery at Coryton, in Essex. Weighing about 80 tons, this massive steel structure is 102 ft. long and 16 ft. in diameter. The first bridge capable of carrying this great weight was Lambeth Bridge. From there it was necessary to work on to the North Circular Road. Bridge clearances had to be very carefully watched, corners measured and traffic stopped. At Coryton, the fractionating tower will be added to the towers, tanks and slender steel stacks which are already silhouetted against the Thames-side skyline, where the new refinery is steadily rising.

AN ORGANIST FROM AUSTRALIA WILL DIRECT THE CORONATION MUSIC

DR. WILLIAM NEIL McKIE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY ORGANIST, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED MUSIC DIRECTOR OF THE ABBEY CORONATION CEREMONIES: This picture of Dr. McKie was taken at the time of the Queen's wedding in 1947, when the Organist was rehearsing boys of the Song School of Westminster Abbey for the marriage service. At the Coronation Service on June 2 next, Dr. McKie will direct a choir of 400, a 55-piece orchestra and the State Trumpeters. Dr. McKie has been Organist and Master of the Choristers at Westminster Abbey since 1941. Born in Melbourne, Australia, fifty-one years ago, Dr. McKie was an organ scholar at Worcester College, Oxford, and an assistant music master at Radley College. He has also been organist at St. Agnes, Kennington Park; Director of Music, Clifton College; City Organist, Melbourne; Organist and Instructor in Music, Magdalen College, Oxford, and Organist at the Sheldonian Theatre. Dr. McKie's appointment as Organist at the Coronation is one of the first official appointments to be made in connection with the ceremony. Pictures taken at the opening of the ancient Coronation Court of Claims appear on page 172 of this issue.

The DEATH of EVITA PERON

National Mourning in the Argentine

SENORA PERON, WIFE OF THE ARGENTINE PRESIDENT, ADDRESSING THE CROWDS DURING MAY DAY CEREMONIES IN BUENOS AIRES LAST YEAR: Her death, after a long illness, occurred on July 26 in the presence of her husband, members of the Cabinet and leaders of the General Confederation of Labour. The nature of her illness was never officially revealed, but it was believed to be a disease of the blood. She was thirty-three. Eva Peron wielded as much, if not more, power in the affairs of Argentina than her husband. She was idolised by the workers and is likely to become a legendary figure, of greater influence in death than in life. She met her husband, then Colonel Peron, after the *coup d'état* which overthrew the Ramirez administration in 1944. Their friendship ripened not only into courtship but into a strong political alliance. They married in 1945 and when, the next year, her husband became President, Eva Peron quickly showed her determination to share his responsibilities and authority. Last year she aroused hostility in the Army by announcing her intention to stand for the Vice-Presidency. Under pressure she withdrew, and soon after, her health failing, she had to undergo a major operation, from which she never fully recovered. Although she was a figure of great controversy, her death has deeply moved the entire country and caused deep sorrow among the thousands of her working-class followers.

On right—

THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST OUTSIDE THE ARGENTINE EMBASSY IN LONDON: In Argentina it is proposed that July 26 be a day of national mourning in perpetuity as a tribute to Senora Peron.

A PART OF THE GREAT CROWD WHO GATHERED IN THE REPUBLIC SQUARE OF BUENOS AIRES TO PRAY FOR THE RECOVERY OF SENORA PERON DURING THE LAST DAYS OF HER LONG ILLNESS: In spite of the cold and heavy rain they stood for hours praying for the remarkable woman they had learned to worship. When her death was announced the Cabinet met and issued a resolution proclaiming national mourning.

The QUEEN at an R.A.F. SCHOOL

A Statue of George V for Canberra

THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE NEW QUEEN'S COLOUR TO THE R.A.F. NO. 1 SCHOOL OF TECHNICAL TRAINING AT HALTON, NEAR AYLESBURY: About 1,700 aircraft apprentices, between fifteen and eighteen years old, were on parade. The Queen said that the school owed its existence to the foresight and inspiration of Viscount Trenchard, then Sir Hugh Trenchard. It was the first school to be built for technical training and it was therefore only right that it should be the first apprentice school to earn the Colour.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF KING GEORGE V WHICH HAS BEEN ORDERED BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT FOR THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT CANBERRA: This gigantic statue—15 ft. high and weighing 2½ tons—shows the King in Garter robes. It is the work of two Australians, Dr. J. E. Moorfield and Mr. C. Raynor Hoff, and was cast at the Morris Singer foundry, London.

THE DEMONSTRATION FOR ADLAI STEVENSON AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO AFTER THE SPEECHES IN WHICH HIS NOMINATION WAS PUT FORWARD : Enthusiasm for the Governor of Illinois was visibly growing at this stage, and finally the Democrats nominated him on the third ballot. Stevenson was a reluctant candidate, but his speech accepting the nomination showed that he will be a brilliant and a most determined standard bearer of the party in the months ahead.

THE DEMOCRATS CHOOSE STEVENSON

The Governor of Illinois is Nominated for the Presidency of the United States

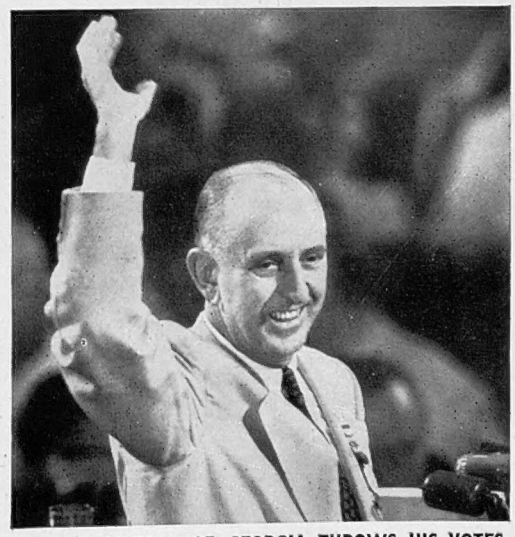
Organised madness was the order of the night and day at the Democratic Convention in Chicago as it had been also at the Republican Convention, but emerging from all this chaos is the fact that both Republicans and Democrats have nominated for the American Presidency candidates of the highest calibre. To fight Eisenhower the Democrats have chosen Adlai Stevenson, who has been described by one of his supporters as the most literate orator in the United States since President Wilson. Certain it is that he is a man of the highest integrity, and he carries into the coming fight a reputation second to none as an administrator and as a man of complete incorruptibility. Mr. Stevenson, although born in California, was brought up in Central Illinois and could truly be described as a mid-Westerner. Those who heard his speeches at the Convention were deeply impressed by his sincerity and the loftiness of his viewpoint. Mr. Stevenson's political record has not been long, but it has been distinguished. After being swept into office with a plurality of over 570,000 votes as Governor of Illinois, Stevenson stamped out commercialised gambling, lopped 1,300 political sinecures from the State payroll, increased State aid to local schools, improved the State welfare programme and improved the State roads.

THE MAN WHO WON THE NOMINATION : Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois responding to the cheers after being nominated as the Democratic candidate. Adlai Stevenson was born in Los Angeles in 1900, the son of Lewis Green Stevenson, a Hearst executive in newspaper, mining and ranching. His grandfather was Assistant Postmaster-General in Grover Cleveland's first administration. Adlai Stevenson first came into prominence as one of the bright young lawyers summoned to Washington by Franklin Roosevelt in 1933.

THE COALITION ATTEMPTED TO STOP THE ADVANCE OF ADLAI STEVENSON : Senator Estes Kefauver (third from left), Paul Fitzpatrick (centre), chairman of the New York delegation to the Chicago Convention, Averell Harriman, John Carroll, of Colorado, and Franklin Roosevelt, Junior, at a meeting at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, at which they sought to combine forces to prevent the nomination of Adlai Stevenson. They said their meeting was to throw a road block in front of the bandwaggon for Stevenson. Kefauver won the first two ballots, but later his support fell away.

CHEERS FOR "THE VEEP" : Mr. Alben Barkley, Vice-President of the United States, seen with his wife standing beside him as he acknowledged the ovation after he had addressed the Convention. Mr. Barkley was one of those seeking the Democratic nomination, but despite his friendship with Truman, he did not succeed in gaining his support. Mr. Barkley's speech was an outstanding piece of political oratory.

MRS. ROOSEVELT ADDRESSES THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION : The wife of the former President in a characteristic pose during her speech at Chicago.



SENATOR RUSSELL OF GEORGIA THROWS HIS VOTES TO STEVENSON : The Southern Democrat waving from the rostrum as he told the Convention that he was withdrawing his own candidature.

THE DICTATOR DRIVES IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAIRO: Crowds surrounding the car of General Neguib Mohammed (who is seen wearing a peaked cap and standing behind the steel-helmeted soldier in the car). The General's coup was designed to purge the country of corrupt elements. It succeeded without bloodshed, and King Farouk departed within three days.

A TANK BLOCKING KASR EL NIL STREET IN CAIRO'S BUSINESS CENTRE: This is the first military coup in Egypt since the Arabi movement seventy years ago. General Neguib has explained that the Army is now working for the interests of Egypt through the constitution.

IN EGYPT THE KING GOES AS THE ARMY SEIZES POWER

GENERAL NEGUIB'S COUP D'ÉTAT, A BLOODLESS VICTORY

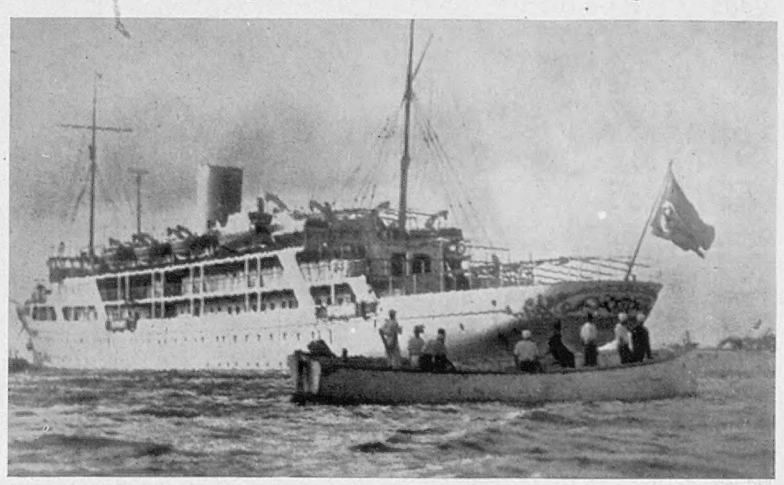
A TANK PATROLLING THE STREETS OF CAIRO AFTER THE COUP D'ÉTAT: Tanks and armed guards surrounded the main barracks and Governmental buildings.

On July 23, there was set in train in Egypt a dramatic series of events beginning with the military *coup d'état* of Major-General Neguib Mohammed and ending three days later with the departure into exile of King Farouk and the members of his family. Major-General Neguib Mohammed's coup, by means of which this former Cairo area commander took over control in Cairo, Alexandria and other cities without bloodshed, led first to the return of Aly Maher Pasha as Prime Minister in place of Hilaly Pasha, the change of Government being directly due to Army pressure, the Army demanding a return to constitutional life in Egypt and the purging of corrupt elements. After this events moved swiftly in Egypt with the new military dictator bringing increasing pressure to bear upon the King. Finally, on July 26, King Farouk abdicated in favour of his son, and he prepared at once to leave Egypt, accompanied by Queen Narriman, by the infant King Ahmed Fuad II, and by the King's three daughters by his first marriage. The Army's demands that King Farouk abdicate and leave the country were conveyed to him by Aly Maher Pasha, the Prime Minister, after the Ras El Tin Palace at Alexandria had been surrounded by troops. Diplomatic circles were taken aback, for it had been thought that the King had acceded to all the Army's demands, and last Saturday morning, in fact, it seemed possible that the King would retain his throne, though with reduced powers.

MAJOR-GENERAL NEGUIB MOHAMMED AT HIS CAIRO HEADQUARTERS : The new military dictator seated at his desk surrounded by high staff officers. After he had forced the King to make him Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces he refused the rank of Lieut.-General, declaring that it was not the intention of Army officers to profit personally from the action.

THE MAN WHO DELIVERED THE ARMY'S ULTIMATUM TO THE KING : Aly Maher Pasha, the new Prime Minister, leaving his hotel for the Palace. The new Premier, who is popular with the people generally, has been chosen by General Neguib to carry out the Army's reforms.

EGYPTIAN TROOPS ERECT TENTS IN ALEXANDRIA'S SAAD ZAGLOUL SQUARE : They moved into the city in order to prevent disorders during the three days following the coup d'état and before the King's abdication.



THE LAST SCENE IN THE ABDICATION DRAMA : The Royal yacht *Mahroussa* about to leave Alexandria with King Farouk and members of the Royal family on board. Before leaving, Farouk shook hands with General Neguib, the officer who had engineered the coup d'état, and then the yacht steamed from the harbour to the accompaniment of a twenty-one-gun salute.

FROM THE ROOF OF A CLOSED KIOSK A FIERY SPEAKER HARANGUES THE CROWD NEAR TEHERAN'S PARLIAMENT DURING A DAY OF RIOTING AND BLOODSHED: This was on July 21, when demonstrations against the premiership of Qavam es-Sultaneh ended with thirty dead and a hundred seriously injured. The rioters shouted anti-Shah slogans as they roamed the streets of the city. Qavam es-Sultaneh resigned, fleeing from the city, and next day Dr. Mossadek once more became Prime Minister of Persia, this time with far greater power.

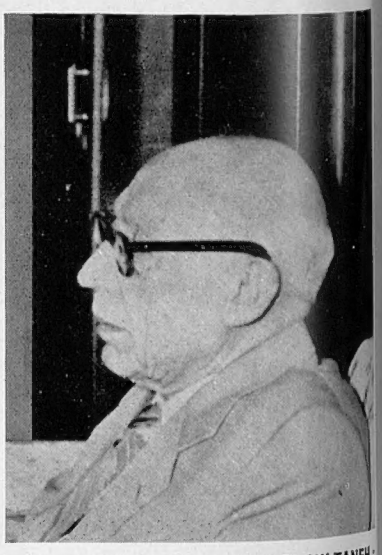
THE RIOTING IN TEHERAN

Dr. Mossadek Feints Again

After only four days in office as Persia's Prime Minister, Qavam es-Sultaneh resigned on July 21, after failing to quell the serious rioting in Teheran. The Majlis immediately met to elect his successor and Dr. Mossadek, addressing the great crowd which had assembled before his house to urge him to accept office again, said: "I regret the nation has suffered heavy losses in to-day's riots, but I am sure that if the nation had not demonstrated its resistance to foreign pressure, it would have been lost." He then fainted and was carried off. Some thirty people had been killed and 100 seriously injured in the rioting. Next day, in the Majlis, Dr. Mossadek was almost unanimously voted Prime Minister. During the disturbances a mob tore down a statue of the Shah and destroyed pictures of the Royal family. The streets of Teheran rang with shouts of "Down with the Shah, the son of Reza Khan, we want a republic." Political observers, indeed, believe that the future of the Throne is now very much in the hands of Dr. Mossadek, who might not scruple to depose his Sovereign if that became necessary to his plans. For the Prime Minister is now in complete control. His victories in the streets and in the Majlis were sufficient in themselves for that, and he has, in addition, forced the Shah to grant him the War Portfolio, the disputed point which resulted in his resignation earlier, and obtained the Shah's consent to the replacement of the Chief of General Staff, the Chief of Police, the Military Governor and other Army commanders. Further, the decision of The Hague Court that it is not competent to judge in the oil dispute is regarded in Teheran as a decisive victory for Dr. Mossadek in the international field.

MOBILE POLICE AND SOLDIERS STAND READY OUTSIDE THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT DURING THE RIOTING: In an early attempt to deal with the rioters police threw tear-gas bombs among them and resorted to rifle fire when the gas failed to stop them. Five of the mob fell at the first volley, but their comrades took the corpses on their shoulders and advanced on the police, who defended themselves with machine-guns.

PRINCE ALY REZA, BROTHER OF THE SHAH, WHO WAS INVOLVED IN AN INCIDENT DURING THE RIOTING: The Prince was passing along a road when he got into a crowd of excited people, but contrary to reports he was not molested.



PERSIA'S EX-PREMIER QAVAM ES-SULTANEH: After Dr. Mossadek's triumph he was arrested. Pro-Mossadek deputies demanded his death and the confiscation of his property, which is said to be worth as much as £20,000,000.

THE RELIGIOUS DEMAGOGUES OF PERSIA: At their head is Ayatullah Kashani, seen speaking into a microphone in the foreground of this picture. Kashani is the power behind Dr. Mossadek. He has control of thousands of fanatical ruffians with whom he could start disturbances throughout the country with which only the Army could deal.

A LINE OF PERSIAN TROOPS, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, MOVE DOWN A TEHERAN STREET DURING THE RIOTING LAST WEEK: Troops, tanks and armoured cars patrolled the city all day, but the rioting continued until it was announced that Qavam es-Sultaneh had resigned the premiership.

DEMONSTRATORS IN A TEHERAN STREET FLEE FROM PURSUING SOLDIERS: After a day of violence they learned that they had succeeded; that Qavam es-Sultaneh had "resigned" and that Dr. Mossadek would again be in power. Then police and soldiers stood back and applauded them as they formed in procession.

SOLDIERS CLEARING DEMONSTRATORS FROM A STREET CORNER: Later there were shouts of "The Persian Nation has won! Servants of British Nationalism will be destroyed!"

"LONG LIVE MOSSADEK!"—THE PRIME MINISTER'S SUPPORTERS MINGLE WITH COMMUNISTS, THEIR CLENCHED FISTS RAISED, IN A PARADE OF TRIUMPH AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF QAVAM ES-SULTANEH: They flocked to Dr. Mossadek's house and cheered him wildly as, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he addressed them from a balcony. Then they tried to set fire to the house of Qavam es-Sultaneh, but he was already far away, travelling for the frontier with a heavily-armed escort. It was reported later that he had been arrested and then escaped, and that the frontier was being closely guarded against him.

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

Floods in Japan; The Californian Earthquake; The Danish King in Greenland; President Auriol on a Tour of Eastern France; The Canberra Bomber in America

A PICTURE OF THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE RECENT FLOODS ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF HONSHU, THE MAIN ISLAND OF JAPAN: In the foreground, workers are clearing the debris from a house which was toppled from its foundations when the near-by river burst its banks. The floods followed a downpour of unprecedented severity which continued for more than twenty-four hours. River dykes broke in many places and transportation and communication services were crippled. Many people were killed or injured and thousands of homes were utterly destroyed.

AN HOTEL AND CAFÉ IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF TEHACHAPI STAND IN RUINS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH STRUCK CALIFORNIA LAST WEEK: It was reported that eleven persons, including nine children, were killed and many more severely injured in Tehachapi, which has a population of 1,500. People in Los Angeles, 100 miles south, were awakened by a series of long rolling shakes which continued for half-an-hour, and tremors were also reported from San Francisco. Hundreds of people at Tehachapi were made homeless and the damage to property was estimated at more than 2,500,000 dollars. Four tunnels on a two-mile stretch of the Southern Pacific Railway through the Tehachapi Mountains were severely damaged, and the State prison, 10 miles from Tehachapi, was made unusable.

THE WRECK OF A TRAIN IN NORTH KOREA AFTER AN ATTACK BY BOMBERS FROM THE AMERICAN CARRIER TASK FORCE 77: Not only the train and railway, but even the embankment on which they stood have been pounded to bits by the intense bombing of the American carrier-based aircraft. This was part of the heavy attacks against North Korean targets which began with the bombing of the power stations on the Yalu River and which led to protests that this country had not been consulted before the power stations were bombed.

KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK SEEN AT THE RECEPTION HELD IN HONOUR OF THE START OF THEIR GREENLAND TOUR: The Queen is seen wearing one of the colourful national costumes of Greenland which were given her by the people of Godthaab, on the west coast of Greenland. When the King and Queen stepped ashore from the Royal yacht *Dannebrog*, at Godthaab, on July 12, they were greeted with enormous enthusiasm, which was echoed at all the places they subsequently visited. At Godthaab, the crowd that waited for them were mostly dressed in brilliant Eskimo costumes, the men in white anoraks, the women in sealskin boots and trousers, with multicoloured bead collars and bright-red tunics. While at Godthaab the crew of the escort frigate *Holger Danske* played the crack local Greenlandic team "Nuk" at football. Their Majesties' journey led them northwards into Disko Bay to Jakobshavn and up to Umanak, the most northerly point of their tour. In one small town of only 500 inhabitants, they saw a U.N.E.S.C.O. exhibition of prints and paintings ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to William Blake. At all times their Majesties showed great interest in the native population and have been given many insights into their way of life.

A BURNING OIL-TANKER WEDGED AGAINST A NEW YORK PIER BY A FIRE-FLOAT IN AN ATTEMPT TO QUENCH THE FLAMES : The tanker, No. 18 of the Poling Brothers fleet, is seen with her bridge completely shattered by the three explosions which occurred in quick succession after her crew had leapt overboard. She caught fire while making her way down-stream in the East River, on her way to New Jersey, after delivering 91,000 gallons of petrol and naphtha to the Sinclair Oil Refinery at Mount Vernon. At first the fire was tackled at sea by the fire-floats *John Purrey Mitchel* and *Cornelius W. Lawrence*, but later it was thought that the flames could be tackled more effectively from the other side of the river. The *Mitchel* nosed the burning vessel towards Welfare Island Pier, and wedged her there while she and land-based fire appliances poured thousands of gallons of water down her hatches.

AND NOW THE "KEN TOOKY" EXPEDITION—FIVE MEN AND A GIRL SET OUT ON A RAFT ON A "PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPEDITION" : The picture shows them launching their raft into the Seine at a suburb near Paris, from where they were to float down France's rivers and canals to the Mediterranean, hoping to drift across to Africa as Thor Heyerdahl's famous raft the *Kon Tikki* did to Polynesia. They were said to have embarked on the voyage as a psychological experiment to prove that a party of five men and one girl could get along together. The girl is Muriel Grand, a twenty-year-old nurse who comes from the North of England.

PRESIDENTIAL HONOURS FOR THE FIRST FRENCH CITY TO BE ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED AFTER WARTIME DAMAGE : The President of the French Republic, M. Vincent Auriol, cuts the Tricolor ribbon stretched across the Rue du Marechal Leclerc, at Charmes, in the Vosges, during the ceremonial dedication of the first French city to be entirely rebuilt since the war. The President's visit to Charmes was made during his recent week-end tour of war-devastated regions of Eastern France. Standing on the left of the picture is M. Rene Didierjean, Mayor of Charmes. The French Minister of Reconstruction, M. Eugene Claudius-Petit, is standing between the President and the Mayor. Charmes was awarded the Croix de Guerre for its part in the wartime occupation. Crowds turned out to cheer the President as he drove through the towns and villages, and at Epinal, M. Auriol delivered a speech in which he called for the "Moral unity of France." At this same town he uncovered a plaque dedicated to the School Group of the 149th Infantry. President Auriol also attended a tableau of the town of Epinal, which was presented by the townsfolk in the Place des Vosges.

A CANBERRA TWIN-JET BOMBER, BUILT UNDER LICENCE IN AMERICA, PASSING OVER THE NEARLY-COMPLETED CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE, WHICH IS DUE TO BE OPENED SOON : The Canberra is undergoing an advanced test programme at Baltimore, where the Glenn L. Martin Company is building an undisclosed number of these British aircraft as night intruders for the U.S.A.F. Martin-built Canberras will be essentially the same externally as the Royal Air Force bombers, but will be powered by American Wright-built, British-designed Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire engines instead of Rolls-Royce Avons. The aeroplane in the picture holds the record for an east-west transatlantic crossing—4 hrs. 19 mins. from Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, to Gander, Newfoundland, made on August 31, 1951. The Bay Bridge, part of a north-south super-highway development, will replace a ferry service and will connect the eastern and the western shores of Maryland for the first time. Together with its approaches, the bridge is 4½ miles long.

***On left*—SOME OF THE CONVICTS WHO ESCAPED IN THE BIG GAOL BREAK IN BRAZIL ARE MARCHED BACK ALONG THE BANK OF THE RIVER ESTUARY WHERE THEY WERE RECAPTURED : They were among the 300 heavily-armed convicts who fought their way to freedom from the gaol on Anchieta Island during a battle in which they killed seventeen guards and civilian employees. Twenty-two convicts were recaptured in the fighting. The rest made for the mainland, a quarter of a mile away, one well-organised party of 200 fleeing northwards.**

LONDON VISTAS

FROM THE NEWLY OPENED WELLINGTON MUSEUM AT APSLEY HOUSE, HYDE PARK CORNER

LOOKING OUT FROM THE STRIPED DRAWING-ROOM OF THE NEW WELLINGTON MUSEUM AT APSLEY HOUSE, HYDE PARK CORNER, ON TO THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL GARDEN IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S WEST END: In last week's issue of "The Sphere," in the section dealing with Apsley House, comment was made on the exceptionally fine views obtained from the windows of the house. The pictures on these pages, specially commissioned by "The Sphere," give some idea of the magnificent vistas. The situation of Apsley House is one of the finest in the Metropolis

LOOKING UP ROTTEN ROW FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS IN THE WATERLOO GALLERY: The riding-track in Hyde Park runs from Hyde Park Corner to Coalbrookdale Gate, and returns east on the north side of the carriage drive between Albert Gate and Alexandra Gate. Rotten Row derives its name from the soft layer of tan which forms the surface, or, more probably, from Route du Roi, a road kept sacred to royalty.

THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR: This view was taken from the dining-room in which the Waterloo banquets were held until the Waterloo Gallery was opened in 1839

THE VIEW FROM THE WATERLOO GALLERY, ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE ROOMS OF APSLEY HOUSE: On the left is the carriage-way which runs from Hyde Park Corner to Alexandra Gate. Just to the right of the road is Rotten Row, the celebrated riding track. The other road which turns off parallel with the Row is Serpentine Road. In the foreground is the East Carriage Road. The Waterloo Gallery, in the west wing, was added to the house in 1828. It takes its name from the Waterloo banquets which the first Duke of Wellington gave to several of his generals at the Battle of Waterloo on each anniversary of the battle.

LOOKING OUT FROM THE PORTICO ROOM AND SHOWING THE WELLINGTON STATUE AND THE QUADRIGA, THE CROWNING POINT OF THE WELLINGTON ARCH: The bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, with figures of a Grenadier, a Highlander, a Welsh Fusilier and an Inniskilling Dragoon, was erected in 1888. The Wellington or Green Park Arch, designed by Decimus Burton in 1828, stands at the western approach to Constitution Hill. The quadriga and the figure of Peace were added in 1912. Since the opening of the Wellington Museum attendance figures have been high, more than 2,000 people paying for admission on the first day.

The CHANGING FACE of BRITAIN'S FORESTS

Reafforestation, with an Emphasis on Softwoods, and the Task of the Forestry Commission in the Formation of a Policy for Britain's Forests

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY I was looking at one of our new forests. It was one of the new forests of conifers planted by the Forestry Commission. I looked at it from a distance, a black mass in that light, and I thought how greatly the face of England is being changed. The beauty of these Welsh hillsides had gone. There is no beauty in a solid block of conifers.

The Forestry Commission comes in for a great deal of abuse. There can be no doubt at all that with the average countryman it is a singularly unpopular body. I remember a little while ago, a couple of years or so, that there was a protest meeting at Llandovery about the Commission's activities in Carmarthenshire. Some pretty hard things were said at that meeting (I was not there and am going on the newspapers' reports), and it was not a meeting attended only by eccentrics wanting to put the clock back. There are, it must be admitted, plenty of those up and down the country, and they are very vocal. But these men were local farmers and landowners and naturalists, and they may be supposed to have had some knowledge of local conditions. Again, there was a considerable outcry when the Forestry Commission invaded the Quantocks and set about felling the hanging woods which have (or had) some nice oakwoods. There are, in fact, many knowledgeable people who dislike the policy of the Commission, who dislike intensely seeing "marginal" land taken over for conifers and the farmers dispossessed and the sheep banished, and who bitterly regret the passing of our ancient mixed woodlands.

And there are not a few knowledgeable people who believe that this policy of afforestation and reafforestation, with its emphasis on softwoods, cannot but spell disaster in the long run. This group is concerned with the possibility of erosion. There has been a spate of books about it, and four of them are notable works—St. Barbe Baker's *Green Glory*, Dr. Paul Sears' *Deserts on the March*, William Vogt's *Road to Survival*, and Fairfield Osborn's *Our Plundered Planet*—all of which deal with the same thing, the plundering of our natural resources, the deforestation of watersheds and catchment areas. What has happened elsewhere, and especially in the United States, is frightening. Dr. Paul Sears writes of "the lustful march of the white race across the virgin continent, strewn with ruined forests, polluted streams, gullied fields, stained by the breaking of treaties and titanic greed." Mr. St. Barbe Baker says that as a result of felling seven-eighths of its virgin woodlands, the United States has lost one-eighth of its total soil. A great deal of reafforestation has been carried out, but the loss continues. "A halt," says Mr. St. Barbe Baker, "must be called; otherwise the means of life will vanish."

These four books paint a terrifying picture. It is a picture of forests felled, of deserts advancing at an astonishing pace, of the water table sinking in all the areas of civilisation. It is a picture of industrial nations on the march, engaged in the conquest of nature. And that, of course, is the great illusion. Nature always wins in the end.

Now, there are people who believe that something of the same sort as has happened in the United States and elsewhere will happen here, and they believe this will happen chiefly because of the activities of the Forestry Commission. The men who attend the occasional protest meetings, such as that at Llandovery, do not, for the most part, look so far ahead. They are concerned with the present: some of them with the destruction of a beautiful mixed woodland, some of them with the disappearance of a sheep-walk, and so on. But there is a minority—they may be fanatics, or cranks, or far-sighted men, prophesying, as did Elijah, the woe to come (and I suspect that Elijah was regarded as a pretty well-developed crank by the Civil Service of his time)—which sees in the present policy of the Forestry Commission the first steps on the road that has led to so much distress in the United States.

It may well be asked how this could possibly happen, since in this country, when the Forestry Commission fells a natural woodland, it immediately sets about planting a conifer forest in its place. It may be admitted at once that this policy changes the aspect of the countryside. That may be a pity, but is it necessarily harmful? (If you go to the Grwyne Fawr Valley in the Black Mountains in Wales, you will now see great blocks of the light green of larch and the dark green of spruce—and in the spring the larch is wonderfully beautiful—where once sheep grazed and there were thin oakwoods. Scenically, the change is for the worse.) It may be admitted at once that the change does no good to the evicted sheep-farmer, that a certain amount of Welsh mutton has been lost, even perhaps that the Welsh tourist industry has suffered. And all that may be a great pity, but is it necessarily harmful to the nation as a whole?

The minority say that it is. They maintain that the planting of these great blocks of conifers is but the prelude to erosion on a considerable scale. They point out that these blocks are planted on hillsides and that each plantation comes to maturity at the same time, and must then be felled. And, they ask, what will happen to the hillsides when they are stripped bare?

Well, I do not know. It may be that what they foresee must happen. (Though I have faith that the experts of the Forestry Commission will have noted what has happened elsewhere in the world.) But I do know that, as always in the affairs of men, the present is urgent. Our oakwoods are to-day almost worthless economically. They have been neglected for so long that, though they are still beautiful to look at, there is very little good timber in them. Moreover, to-day the demand is, and increasingly so, for coniferous timber. I am told that to-day 95 per cent. of the commercial demand is for soft wood. And that, of course, is why the Forestry Commission plant pine, firs of various kinds, larch and spruce—almost all of them foreign trees. But not all. The common or "Scots" pine was once very widely distributed through Britain as a native tree. Indeed, once it formed great forests. It is a point which should be remembered when criticism of the Forestry Commission because they plant "foreign" trees is voiced. Of course, there may be a great difference between a Scots pine and other sorts of conifers. In any case, the hard fact remains. Timber is a crop, and if the demand is all for softwoods, that demand must be met by planting softwoods. There is no alternative.

THE GLORY OF THE WYE VALLEY BETWEEN MONMOUTH AND SYMOND'S YAT: On the left bank of this picture, taken in the Forest of Dean, is Lord's Wood; on the right is Highmeadow Wood. The Royal Forest of Dean, which has been Crown property since the days of the Normans, became in 1938 the first of England's National Forest Parks. The Forest of Dean retains its original wooded character better than any other part of Britain.

Quite apart from this question of softwoods *versus* hardwoods—and the possibility of erosion at some date in the future—one hears many complaints about the Forestry Commission in connection with what is termed "marginal" land (this is, by the way, a term that seems capable of infinite expansion!), complaints which seem to suggest that it is really a question of sheep *versus* trees. Now, I love sheep. I should love to see great flocks of sheep back on the old sheep-walks of the chalk country. But, of course, it is not a straightforward question of sheep *versus* trees. I do not believe that there is a fundamental antagonism between forestry as practised by the Forestry Commission and agriculture. Both are, surely, concerned to see that the maximum is produced from the land and that none of it is wasted. I do not know, for I am merely a layman in these matters, but I find it impossible to believe that there is not the closest consultation between the Forestry Commission and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries before land is taken away from agriculture and handed over to conifer plantation. What is beyond question is that a great deal of the marginal land farming in this country is very inefficient, and nobody could call the Forestry Commission inefficient. Grazing is lost to the Forestry Commission, but it is a comparatively small acreage, and if there was no waste of land on the part of the farming community that small acreage lost to grazing could be made good without much difficulty.

As to sheep: one would have thought that the meat shortage and the current wool prices would have brought sheep back to the Downs of the South of England. It was sheep that gave us the close-set turf and the treelessness of the Downs—there is a link between sheep and Downs just as there is between oakwoods and pigs—and nobody could say that the Downs were nowadays properly and fully used. The fact is that sheep-walks to-day are not an economical proposition. It is next door to impossible to get men to do the work of the old-time shepherd. There seems to be a distinct possibility that Downs will follow the Welsh hillsides into the hands of the Forestry Commission, and cease to be Downs. Beauty, great beauty, would be lost. But it would be foolish to blame the foresters for taking what the farmers fail to use to the full.

I do not know about erosion. The prophets may be right and we may be seeing now the foundations of disaster 100 years hence. I do not know. But I am sure that much more than the face of England is being altered before our eyes. (This is not a mere question of turning over to a softwood industry. Times change, and this is the era of softwoods. It is as dangerous to bemoan the past as it is to welcome all things new just because they are new.) It is not only the face of England that is being changed. It is the life.

Forestry does bring employment back to areas which have been steadily depopulated because of the lack of employment. The best example of this is to be seen in the Highlands of Scotland. Ranching in the Highlands is a most courageous innovation, and deservedly successful, but there cannot be any doubt that the most important factor in the rehabilitation of the Highlands is the afforestation programme. Only forestry on a really large scale can stop depopulation and bring the people back. And this must be set in the balance against the few marginal farmers dispossessed.

But there are great changes afoot that we do not see nor as yet fully understand. These great new forests must in time alter at least the local weather. They will alter the soil. And undoubtedly they must alter the wild life. Animals that have been regarded with marked disfavour by sporting landlords are not regarded in the same light by foresters. Stoats and weasels, for example, are definitely the friends of the forester, and so are many of the hawks and all the owls, for these are the enemies of the rodents, and all rodents are the enemies of the forester. One already hears complaints of forestry plantations as "sanctuaries for vermin." But the tree-crop must be protected no less than the pheasant-crop.

Again there are bound to be great changes in our bird population. Broad-leaved trees and mixed forest with a good undergrowth provide the best conditions for the largest number of British breeding species. And these are just the conditions which are disappearing. There is remarkably little undergrowth in a conifer forest. A number of birds like conifers, but many of the insect-eaters, the warblers especially, will have none of them. There are bound, too, to be very great changes in the insect population. Foresters generally are very alive to insect problems: they do not, as a whole, seem to be so alive to bird problems, if one is to judge by the books about forestry.

There remains the question of beauty. It has been said that you cannot have good forestry and beauty. I can understand that the forester, with his mind fully centred on timber, has no time (and no room) for flowers. I can understand that flowers to a forester, at least to a single-minded forester, are weeds, since they are plants growing in the wrong place. But you can carry this single-mindedness too far. The professional forester, as a rule, looks askance at those who regard woodlands from the amenity point of view. But there are many more people in this country who do regard woodlands from that aspect than there are professional foresters, and it is certain that the vast majority of tourists do so too. It should surely be possible to do something about this without causing too much work for the forester, and it would bring pleasure to many people, who at present regard all the activities of the Forestry Commission with distaste just because they detect in the professional forester a lack of æsthetic appreciation.

My own experience of the Forestry Commission is confined to the New Forest. I have known the New Forest since childhood and have close connections with it. Because of that, I am a whole-hearted admirer of the Forestry Commission and its work in this part of England. Since I first began to notice things of this sort, the New Forest has been improved out of all knowledge. And, though the temptation must be strong to concentrate on the conifer plantations to the exclusion of all else, it is the amenity woodlands that have been improved out of all knowledge, and the conifers have been made to fit into the general picture. In that, surely, lies hope for the future beauty of other parts of England. At present we remember the old picture and the new does not appeal. But soon the old will fade, and we shall find beauty even in solid blocks of conifers clothing a Welsh hillside. Even if we do not, our children surely will. For whether we like it or not, we are going to become a softwood country.

A GOVERNMENT-OWNED VESSEL THE "KAPITAN MEYER" SEEN LEAVING HELIGOLAND HARBOUR: One of the first tasks that the Germans did when Heligoland was handed back to them recently, was to rebuild the harbour. But their ambition does not stop there; they have also launched an ambitious housing project. It will not be long before the first houses will be built on the desolate island.

HELIGOLANDERS LOOKING AT A "FUSSBALL TOTO" NOTICE, A FAMILIAR SIGHT THROUGHOUT GERMANY, WHICH HAS ALREADY MADE ITS APPEARANCE ON THE BOMB-SCARRED ISLAND: A smart German businessman opened a football-pool shop immediately after the island had been handed back to the Germans.

THE REBUILDING WORK IN PROGRESS—AN EXCAVATOR DIGGING A DRAINAGE TRENCH: Despite the fact that during the war Heligoland was virtually flattened by bombs, much has already been accomplished. Bomb craters have been filled in, and the rubble and ruins of many pre-war buildings have been cleared to make way for the new housing estate. 2,500 Heligolanders hope eventually to return.

Since the small island of Heligoland was ceded to the Germans by Britain in 1890 it has had a most varied history. During the First World War, Heligoland virtually bristled with guns. There then followed a more placid period when the island became one of Germany's most popular holiday resorts. But this was not to last for long, and under the Nazis Heligoland reassumed the role of fortress; becoming one of Germany's largest U-boat stations.

Since the end of the war Germans have shown great determination to move back into the island. In 1951 there was a series of "invasions" by former Heligolanders, who braved the allied bombing and became "squatters." Heligoland was officially handed back to Germany in March of this year, and the German Government have wasted no time in starting on the formidable task of rebuilding the bomb-scarred waste. Already the harbour is in operation and most of the ground has been levelled ready for the building programme to start. Despite the zest with which the Germans are approaching this task, it is estimated that Heligoland will not be completely restored until 1970.

REBUILDING BATTLE-SCARRED HELIGOLAND

The German Government Forges Ahead with an Ambitious Housing Scheme which will take Eighteen Years to Complete

FISHING BOATS IN HELIGOLAND HARBOUR: The harbour—an important feature on a small island—was the first place to receive attention. It is used mainly by the small fishing boats, but frequently a bigger ship may be seen there, carrying supplies for the housing scheme.

A GERMAN WORKER CARRYING HIS WATER SUPPLY ABOUT WITH HIM: As the water supply in the island is low in standard, all water used for human consumption has to be carried in "water-knobs."

SURVIVAL AT SEA

A New American Airborne Rubber Lifeboat which Inflates Itself in Thirty Seconds, to provide Protection in all Climates, Demonstrated in a Mock Sea Disaster in Brooklyn

"SURVIVORS" MAKE FOR THE NEW AIRBORNE RUBBER LIFEBOAT DURING A DEMONSTRATION STAGED BY THE U.S. NAVY AND COAST GUARD AT THE NAVAL AIR-STATION AT FLOYD BENNETT FIELD, IN BROOKLYN: A man is seen entering the lifeboat while others hold on to the nylon ropes. *On right*—The new rubber lifeboat springs open while inflating itself within thirty seconds after hitting the water. The lifeboat had just been dropped from a helicopter.

PADDLING TO THE SHORE: In warm climates the floor covering in the lifeboat can be removed and used as an additional raft. The lifeboat is 15½ ft. long and 7½ ft. wide.

Yet another new device for saving life at sea has been demonstrated by the United States Navy. Recently at the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field, in Brooklyn, a helicopter dropped a rubber lifeboat into the water off the field and "survivors" from a mock sea disaster scrambled aboard within a matter of a few minutes. The 230-lb. airborne rubber lifeboat, made by the B. F. Goodrich Company from designs supplied by the Small Craft Design Section of the Bureau of Ships, provides protection for fifteen survivors. The lifeboat is self-inflated thirty seconds after hitting the water and a comfortable temperature of about 70 degrees is maintained inside the craft irrespective of the climate. The insulated canopy offers protection from sun and wind, and in cold climates holds the body heat of its occupants. This has been proved by tests that have been carried out in both arctic and tropical waters. When deflated the lifeboat is about the size of a small trunk. Survival equipment, which is packed into the boat, includes 50 lb. of tinned drinking water, de-salting equipment for making sea-water drinkable, 30 lb. of food, first-aid kit, paddles, signals, a lifeboat repair kit, pumps, a sea anchor, a flashlight, whistle, sponges and a knife.

On right—

THE 230-LB. RUBBER LIFEBOAT IS CARRIED ASHORE AFTER THE DEMONSTRATION: The craft is designed to give a temperature of about 70 degs. in either arctic or tropical weather.

THE START OF THE JOURNEY—RICHMOND HALF-LOCK, WHERE IN THE MIND OF THE LONDONER THE THAMES REALLY BEGINS: The half-lock is used to conserve the water at low tide during dry weather. On these occasions red warning discs hang from Richmond Lock Bridge, and there is a temporary weir under each arch.

LONDON RIVER

A Journey Down the Thames

By JOHN MAY

(Author of "The Norfolk Broads, Holiday Book, and Pocket Pilot")

With Drawings by Winston Megoran and Special "Sphere" Photographs

TAMESIS was the name of it when Julius Cæsar crossed it (at what is now called Westminster), before London itself had arisen. Thames it is to-day. Because it is a broad, deep, tidal river, with a current sufficient to scour out its channel, but yet slow enough to permit the safe navigation of big ships, 10,000,000 Londoners now live and work and play in the sprawling city that has grown upon its banks.

Most of them have never given a thought to the fact that, without the river, there would probably be no existence at all for London itself, and possibly none even for themselves, the children of its prosperous tides. They may know vaguely that, from sunny Cotswolds to bleak Nore, it is a couple of hundred miles long, or even that the London River itself is technically about a third of this. But apart from water sports, river trips and crossing by innumerable bridges, they leave the rest to experts.

Above Richmond these experts work with half-a-hundred locks to hold back the water so as to prevent the river becoming a mere tidal creek. The flow they pass on may be a hundred times greater in volume at one season than another: 20,000,000,000 gallons a day in the time of floods; a trickle of perhaps only 200,000,000 gallons a day during a dry spell.

With this water the Port of London Authority, the "new" governing body formed on the initiative of Lloyd George in 1909, has to make do in the efficient running of its sixty-nine vital miles of London River. The Port of London stretches, in fact, from Teddington Lock to an imaginary line from Havengore Creek, in Essex, to Warden Point, on Kent's Isle of Sheppey. The seaside holiday resorts of Sheerness, Shoeburyness, Thorpe Bay and Southend are all technically situated on the London River. P.L.A. waters flow 50 miles below London Bridge, ending where the estuary is a 10-miles width of sea.

The average Londoner finds it difficult, however, to stretch his local allegiance beyond, say, Gravesend Reach. From Teddington to Tilbury makes him a tidy London River of his own, some 45 miles long—one which he can see across all the way. In his mind, probably, it begins at Richmond.

At Richmond on a summer day it is necessary at low tide to have the half-lock working. Warning red discs hang from the arches of Richmond Lock Bridge, and there is a temporary weir under each, which will be removed when the tide rises. Thus, there is ample water for boating and fishing where otherwise it would be possible to walk across the muddy bottom.

Yes, this is none the less the Port of London. There on the Middlesex side, near the end of Duck's Walk, Twickenham, for instance, is a row of craft moored to buoys. One is the *Tantivy*, a Jenny Wren cruiser owned by the manager of a shoe shop in Hounslow, a week-end - and - Wednesday - afternoon yachtsman. Two years ago he voyaged across the North Sea to Belgium in his little boat, and captured the trophy for the smallest vessel to complete the cruise in the Pavillon d'Or international rally of motor-yachts at Liége.

Pleasure craft pass up and down, bound between Hampton Court and Westminster Pier. Bert Whincup, the typical waterman skipper of the *Beta III*, steers neatly into Richmond Lock. "Yesterday," he says, "they held us up an hour to let the water rise. Wouldn't let us go through, in case we went aground and blocked the channel." There is less than a fathom in the London River ahead of him as he feels his way down the channel past a pretty corner at Isleworth, past Isleworth Ait, the first of the islands running alongside the north shore of the river, with the famous London Apprentice inn tucked away up the creek to port.

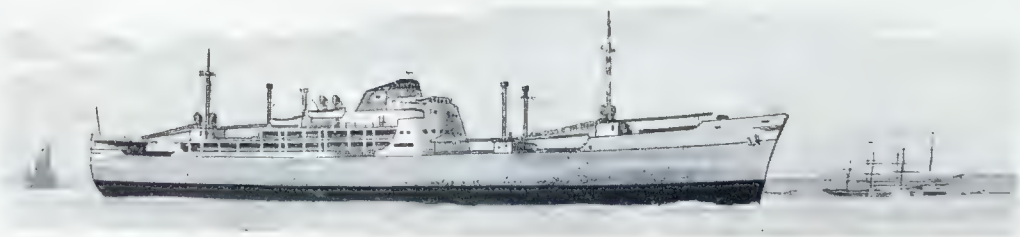
Unbelievably, a little farther downstream there is a stretch of deserted pebbly beach where "willows

(*Continued on following page*)

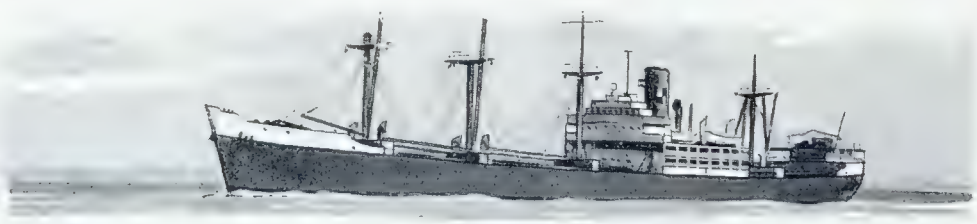
A VIEW OF THE RIVERSIDE VILLAGE OF STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN, ON THE MIDDLESEX BANK, JUST BELOW KEW BRIDGE: Strand-on-the-Green is a line of beautifully proportioned Georgian houses, inns and boat-builders' yards and a favourite resort of Londoners and visitors to the Metropolis. The cluster of small pleasure-craft moored to the buoy in the foreground of this picture is typical of the Thames. Behind them, high and dry, lies a sailing-barge, awaiting the return of the tide.

CRAFT OF LONDON RIVER

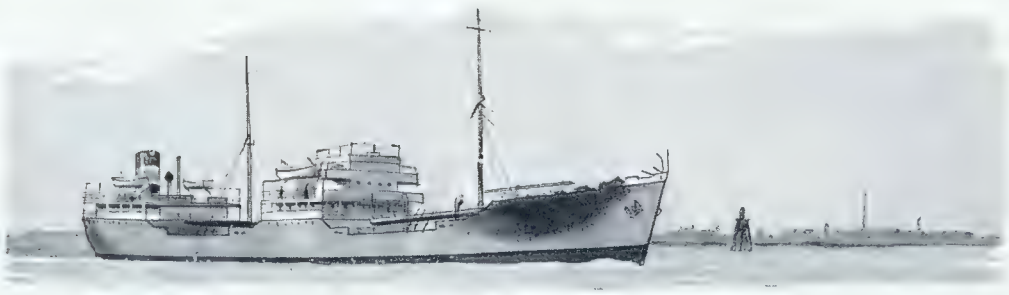
THE P. & O. LINER "HIMALAYA"



"ST. ERRYLT," THE SOUTH AMERICAN SAINT LINE CARGO-PASSENGER LINER



THE CARGO LINER "BEAVERFORD"



THE "BRITISH COMMERCE," A TANKER

LOOKING UPSTREAM FROM A POINT NEAR WATERLOO BRIDGE, MEX BUILDING: The three bridges in this picture are then Westminster Bridge and Lambeth Bridge on the London County Council, and opposite, a little higher up th

LONDON RIVER

(Continued from previous page)

A RIVERSIDE SCENE AT LOW TIDE AT ISLEWORTH: On the extreme left here is The London Apprentice, a famous tavern.

THE DOVES, AT HAMMERSMITH: One of the few pubs with a terrace on the river, it is a popular spot during summer for motorists.

whiten, aspens quiver" along the green-wooded banks, and a graceful grey-and-white heron stands sentinel in the shallows. Then, as contrast, the lighters, railway trucks, cranes and warehouses of the Brentford Dock and Brentford gasholders behind the willows of Brentford Ait—all once more on the north shore. Turn left here for Birmingham, if you will, but wait until the tide refills the dried-out channel to the Thames Lock in the entrance to the Grand Union Canal.

Cruise on further down river. Through the arches of Kew Bridge is framed a picture of the poetically-named Strand-on-the-Green. A riverside village, against the background of its beautifully proportioned Georgian houses, a Thames barge, an ex-R.A.F. air-sea rescue launch, and other craft await the returning tide to float them again. Not quite so picturesquely other riverside folk live aboard a colony of craft moored opposite Mortlake, just above the Chiswick New Bridge—which marks, incidentally, the end of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

The rowing club and its steps, the finishing-post immediately below the bridge, Mortlake Brewery opposite, the grey iron structure of Barnes Bridge (black river police launches moored near by)—these, and much more, are familiar to many who listen to John Snagge's velvet-voiced broadcast of the Boat Race commentary.

We are going in the opposite direction to the Boat Race, down river, but here is Chiswick Eyot (an island again but differently spelt, where pre-war they cut willows for basket-making), Hammersmith Bridge (the wood blocks of the road being taken up and the bridge closed just now to all but foot passengers), Harrod's furniture depository, and the Star and Garter at Putney. The river is appropriately busy with rowing eights, jerking along like queer giant insects, each with nine heads.

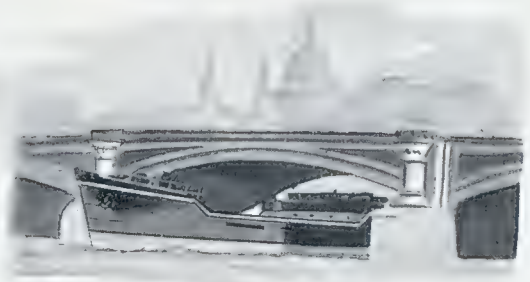
A TYPICAL INDUSTRIAL SCENE AT SILVERTOWN, WHICH ES TO for a ictor quayside are some of the lighters which carry Behind the façade of cranes and chimneys lie

DGE, A PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE SHELL-
e are Hungerford Railway Bridge (nearest the camera),
On the South Bank (left) is County Hall, seat of the
up the river, are Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.

ES TO THE WEST OF NORTH WOOLWICH : Moored off the
for and the products of the many Thames-side factories.
ictoria, the Royal Albert and the King George V Docks.

CRAFT OF LONDON RIVER

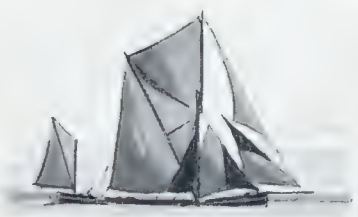
A TYPICAL COLLIER



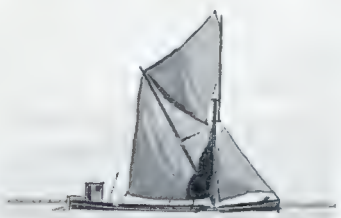
A COLLIER PASSING UNDER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE

THE "STABILITY," A COASTER

A TIMBER CARRIER



A SPRITSAIL BARGE, FULLY RIGGED—

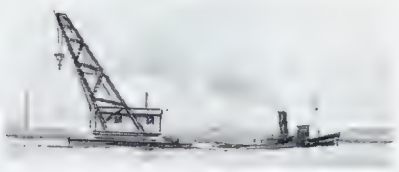


—WITH MIZZEN DISCARDED—

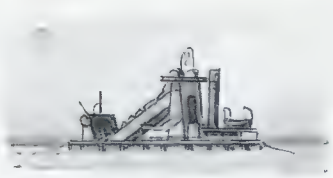
—CONVERTED TO POWER

A TUG WITH ITS TRAIN OF LIGHTERS

THE WOOLWICH FERRY



PONTOON CRANE AND TUG



A DREDGER

VARIOUS TYPES OF PLEASURE CRAFT

Sir Alan Herbert's famous *Water Gipsy* is away from her moorings at Hammersmith, but the Doves public-house, with its tall poplar, stands guard against Hammersmith Pier, with the London Corinthian Sailing Club's dinghies all around near by. There is a glimpse at Putney of the entrance to Fulham's Craven Cottage Football Ground, and the churches either end of Putney Bridge. And then, what a change! Commerce steps ashore both sides of the river with iron feet: derricks, wharves, barges, tugs. Battersea Power Station is being fed with coal by a modern British Electricity Authority *Fulham* collier, its smoke-stack telescoped down for passing under the bridges. London River is at its most serious business.

There is a last flare-up of rather tinsel gaiety on the south side at Battersea Festival Gardens, dressed up like a Christmas-tree with double red-and-yellow "storm cones" on the pier. The "Showboat," high out of the water on its piles, looks pathetic, and the skeleton of the rest of the Festival opposite Charing Cross will look even more grimly tawdry.

But might and majesty arise soon on every side. The Tate Gallery to port, Lambeth Palace to starboard. On the left, the Houses of Parliament, still partly encased in a twiggy bird's nest of scaffolding, with what must be one of the largest Union Jacks ever made floating out bravely in the breeze atop.

London's own County Hall looks across the water towards Scotland Yard, the Shell-Mex clock, Cleopatra's stone needle, Somerset House and the distant dome of St. Paul's. Without a bus, the Londoner is lost on land among such places, and so, to help him enjoy his London River, water-buses bustle up and down from Greenwich to Putney.

The man who put them there is R. G. Odell, who has been a lifetime "on the water." He spent twenty-five years taking barges up and down the London River. To-day he is a power in the world of lighters, towing, dredging and pleasure boats, and is also the 1951-52 Master of the Watermen's Company. The Watermen's Company runs the famous Doggett's Coat and Badge sculling race, rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea, which Mr. Odell himself won—exactly fifty years ago! More important still, it is

TOWER BRIDGE—AS FAMILIAR TO LONDONERS AS THE EIFFEL TOWER IS TO PARISIANS: On the right, a great assembly of cranes dip busily into the holds of a modern freighter.

the body that examines apprentices who wish to become lightermen and watermen, and finally gives them the freedom of the London River when they become full members of the Company, steeped in the lore of Thames navigation.

Ahead now are the two most famous of the London River's twenty-eight bridges of iron, concrete and stone; London Bridge and Tower Bridge. The first wooden London Bridge was built 1,000 years ago. A stone bridge was begun in 1176 and lasted 600 years, and the present bridge was built a century later. Tower Bridge, with its bascules that lift the road in salute to big ships that pass through to the Pool of London, was built in living memory to relieve the pressure of traffic over London Bridge. It has become a sign and symbol of London, comparable with the Eiffel Tower in Paris and New York's Statue of Liberty. The Monument, with its prickly top, marks the spot near by where the Great Fire of London started in 1666. The four

(*Concluded on following page*)

LONDON RIVER

(Concluded from previous pages)

towers of the Tower of London are the prison now of only the Crown Jewels.

Thousands of Londoners every summer take day cruises from Tower Pier down the London River to Southend, Clacton and Margate. On either side they see the busiest stretch of all of the Port of London, where the biggest ships come in from all around the world to dock. The *Mauretania* docked at Tilbury before the war, but now the largest passenger liner using the river is the *Himalaya*, of 29,000 tons gross.

At the other extreme is the graceful brown-sailed Thames barge carrying a cargo of 100 tons, now too frequently undergoing a sad metamorphosis. Some can still be seen sailing under mainsail, jib, topsail and mizzen. But others have lost their mizzen mast, and in its place have a Diesel engine-house. Too often then the sailing-barge becomes a Diesel barge with auxiliary sails. Then the sails rot, the mast is shortened to act as a derrick-post, and one more romantic sailing-vessel has become a motorised tub.

The day steamers steer carefully past the press of barges with strings of heavy laden lighters, past moored timber ships, cargo-passenger liners creeping down-river, dredgers, hoppers, colliers and tankers. The telegraph tinkles, and half-speed or less is signalled down to the engine-room so that no other craft is disturbed by their wash. A typical example of the best of them is the *Queen of the Channel*, with Captain Philip Kitto, D.S.C., as her master. She is only three years old. The old *Queen of the Channel* was sunk at Dunkirk, but never a soul was lost or injured.

"Sparks," in his tiny radio cabin, relays a running commentary, to explain to passengers what there is to see on either side. The morning sun is ahead, as the evening sun will be on the return trip. The sights of the river come crowding thick and fast. Just beyond London Docks are Wapping Old Stairs, the spot where Captain Kidd and other pirates were accorded "The Grace of Wapping." They were hanged and left in chains until three tides had flowed over them.

And—more history—on the South Bank is Greenwich Royal Naval College and the National Maritime Museum, just robbed for the third time in thirteen months. Last November a gold mourning-ring worn at Nelson's funeral was stolen; previously a priceless diamond plume of honour, given to Nelson by the Sultan of Turkey after the Battle of the Nile, was taken; and now a gold box has gone, one presented to Admiral Vernon, "Old Grog," who wore a grogram cloak and ordered the Navy's rum to be diluted.

From history to geography. On the skyline is Greenwich Observatory, and running down through the S bends of Greenwich and Blackwall Reaches, a craft is likely to pass from west longitude to east, back to west and into east again. The Isle of Dogs is left behind now, the other side of the Meridian of Greenwich, and the long foreshore of Woolwich Arsenal stretches away on the right. Woolwich Free Ferry, with its two tall funnels, is waiting to cross the river.

At the Ford Works, on the Essex bank, ships are unloading coal or ore into the factory conveyer, or tractors dangle like toys on strings as they are loaded into the hold for overseas. But even more impressive than this are the giant pylons that carry the electric cables across Halfway Reach. They are 417 ft. high and 1,000 yards apart. This is the last fantastic gateway to London, and the river flows on below, between banks increasingly distant, towards the sea.

A dredger is working here to keep the channel clear. Hopper barges, with bottoms that drop out to unload the sludge when they are towed out to sea, are helping to sweep London's underwater doorstep clean. And then, rounding Broadness Point, we sight Gravesend to starboard and Tilbury's deep-water jetty for the big ships to port.

London River runs on towards the revolving light of the Nore and as each craft, large or small, passes up and down, those aboard learn a little of the greatness, past and present, that the Thames has brought to Britain.

"It is the river," John Rodgers wrote, "which determines the sites of many cities and the growth and nourishment of all; it is the river which gives its framework to all economic development; it is the river which has moved and controlled all history."

WAREHOUSES, WHARVES AND CRANES—A SCENE IN THE POOL OF LONDON: Near here is the oldest Thames tunnel between Rotherhithe and Wapping. Thomas Hood summed it up as "an Archway underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons, for Collier Men and Pitchy Old Curmudgeons." It is now used for a railway.

"THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY," ON WAPPING WALL, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS WATERFRONT INNS: Sightseers from the West End are often found here in search of riverside atmosphere. It was at Wapping that Judge Jeffreys was arrested in 1688 disguised as a sailor and at Wapping Old Stairs Captain Kidd was hanged.

THE GREENWICH ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE: This Wren masterpiece, considered second only to St. Paul's, stands on a site formerly occupied by a palace built in 1433. The present buildings were opened as a hospital for disabled sailors in 1705 and in 1873 were assigned to the Royal Naval College for the higher education of naval officers.

THE POWER HOUSE OF THE FORD WORKS, ON THE ESSEX BANK: The building of the great factory here began in 1929. At one end of the jetty raw materials are unloaded and at the other cars and tractors are packed into the ships which will carry them to many parts of the world.

A COASTER MAKES HER WAY PAST GRAVESEND, THE PILOT STATION OF THE LONDON RIVER: Fleets of tugs wait here to help the big passenger liners and merchantmen manœuvre when they reach the docks and the narrow waters of the river farther upstream.

A NEW PUBLIC PARK FOR KENT—THE GROUNDS OF HALL PLACE, BEXLEY, WHICH WERE RECENTLY OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT: A general view of the newly-created flower-beds set out in front of the mansion, the north part of which (seen in greater detail in the picture *inset on left*) dates back to 1540. The north wing, which has been listed as an ancient monument, is now being restored by the Bexley Corporation. The present building occupies the site of an earlier house believed to have been built in 1241, in which the Black Prince is reputed to have been born and to have courted his cousin Joan, known as the Fair Maid of Kent, whom he married in 1361. Other references state that the Prince was born at Woodstock. The mansion has a Jacobean staircase and an oak-panelled dining-room. There is a legend that Hall Place is haunted by the ghostly appearance of a lady in white. This is said to be the ghost of Lady Attehall, who was so distracted at the sight of her husband being gored to death in the courtyard that she threw herself from the tower.

HISTORY IN STONE

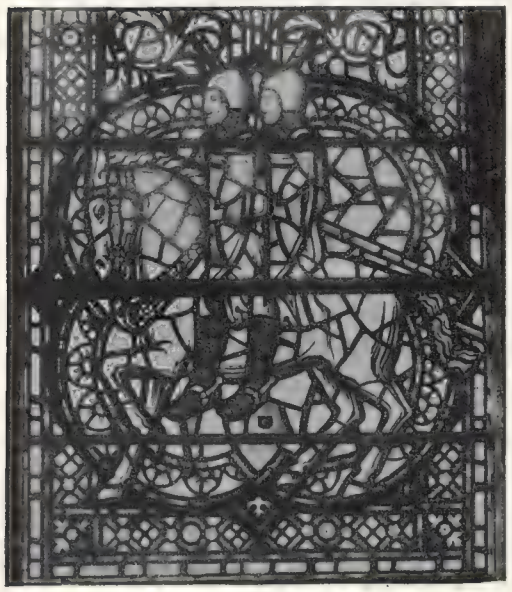
A NEW PARK IN THE GROUNDS OF HALL PLACE, BEXLEY, KENT, AND THE PRESERVATION OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' HALL, YORK

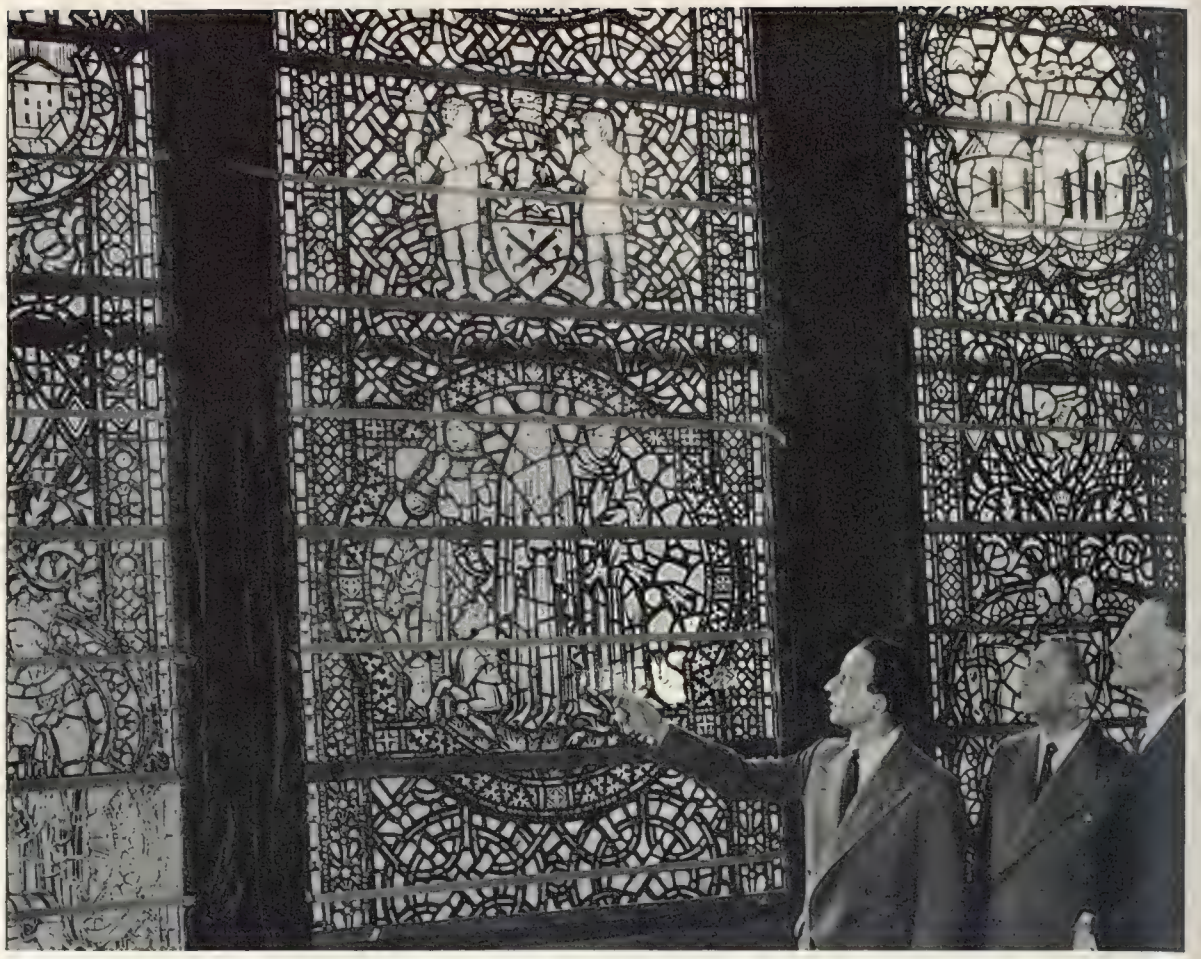
"THE MOST INTERESTING RELIC LEFT TO SHOW THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLAND'S COMMERCE": **These words have been used to describe the Merchant Adventurers' Hall in York, which is now undergoing a certain amount of restoration in accordance with an extensive scheme drawn up in 1947. This picture shows the fourteenth-century hall, with its chapel added in the fifteenth century.** The work so far carried out on the Hall includes the erection of a new wing accommodating cloakrooms, library, committee room and muniments room, and the construction of a staircase in the Elizabethan manner. The Company of Merchant Adventurers is the most famous of all the York Guilds. The Merchant Adventurers still meet at their traditional courts, and once a year attend a service at All Saints' Church, Pavement, to hear a sermon reminding them "of their latter end." The Company of Merchant Adventurers was originally concerned with the export of cloth and the import of goods from Europe, particularly the Scandinavian seaboard. The exact date of the Company's foundation is uncertain, but its growth coincided with the great development of the English cloth trade in the fourteenth century. The Company reached its zenith under the first Queen Elizabeth. To-day, the most important work of the Merchant Adventurers in York is the preservation of their ancient hall.

THE SCENE OF THE VENISON FEASTS HELD BY THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS: The interior of the Great Hall which is renowned for its glorious medieval open timber roof. The venison feasts, feature of the ancient gatherings of merchants, have lately been revived by the present Merchant Adventurers' Company of York.

The EAST WINDOW for the TEMPLE CHURCH

Carl Edwards' Design for the New Window in London's Restored Round Church, which Has Been Presented by the Worshipful Company of Glaziers and Painters of Glass

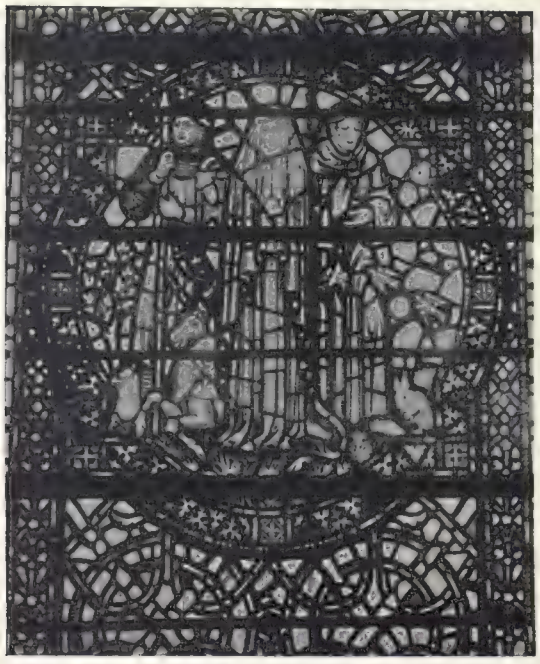




DETAIL OF THE NEW EAST WINDOW FOR THE TEMPLE CHURCH : *Left*—This scene of two Knights Templars on one horse, which illustrates an old Temple legend, forms part of the bottom medallion of the right-hand light of the 21-ft.-high window which is to be fitted into the restored Temple Church. More than 15,000 pieces of stained glass, carefully chosen for their colour and thickness, have been fitted together into a mosaic representing "The Law and the Order of the Temple." *Right*—The designer of the window, Mr. Carl J. Edwards, points out details of the design to Sir Graham Cunningham, chairman of James Powell and Sons, Limited, at whose Wealdstone glassworks the window has been made. Standing on the right is Colonel A. L. Trundell, Upper Warden of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers and Painters of Glass, the donors of the window. The window consists of three lights, and the upper medallion of the centre light shows the enthroned Christ, as the Supreme Judge, with an adoring angel on each side. Below are two angels acclaiming Him. The arms of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers and Painters of Glass appear beneath a medallion depicting the purging of the Temple. The window has taken eighteen months to complete. The task of installing it begins on September 1, ready for a service of dedication some weeks later. Modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, London's Temple Church, belonging to the Inner and Middle Temple inns of court, was burnt out in the blitz. Shortage of stonemasons has held up the general work of restoration on the shrine of the Templars, but now, however, there are marked signs of progress in the work. The church was consecrated in 1185.

THE GREAT WARTIME FIRE OF LONDON : This scene, depicting the fire raging round St. Paul's Cathedral, is situated in the left-hand light of the window.

THE MEDALLION IN THE BOTTOM LEFT-HAND CORNER : This scene depicts a grant of money being made to the Knights Templars.



SYMBOLISING THE VOWS TAKEN BY THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLARS : From left to right the three figures are Obedience (a Knight Templar), Chastity (a veiled woman) and Poverty (St. Francis). The Order of Knights of the Temple was founded about 1118.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH : This medallion is situated in the right-hand light, between two shields, one bearing the Cross of Jerusalem and the other the Arms of the Inner Temple.

CARL EDWARDS' DESIGN OF THE NEW EAST WINDOW FOR LONDON'S REBUILT ROUND CHURCH : The window, which weighs just over a ton, was made at the 300-year-old Whitefriars glassworks at Wealdstone, in Middlesex.

BUILDING BIG IN THE U.S.

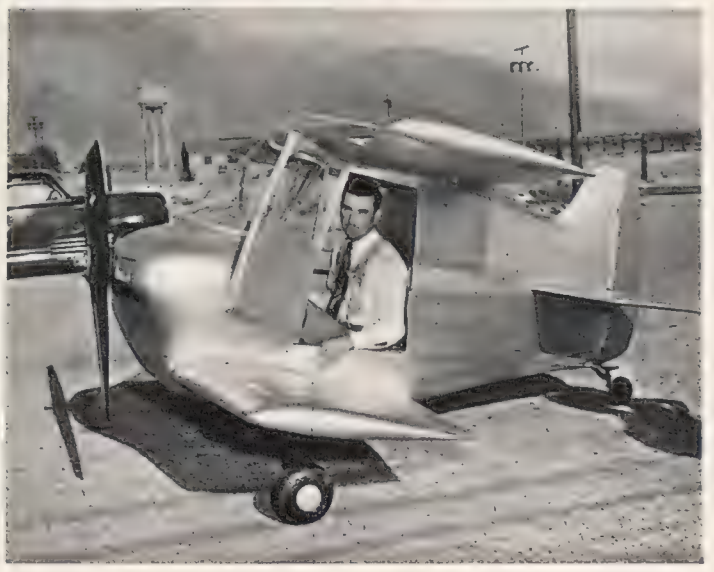
New Craft for the United States Navy and Air Force ; and a Civilian "Baby" Aircraft

LAYING THE KEEL OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: Cranes lay the first plates of the U.S.S. *Forrestal*, in the huge "submerged shipway" of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Virginia. The *Forrestal*, which is due to be completed by the end of 1954, will be 1,040 ft. long (50 ft. longer than the *United States*, which was built in an adjoining shipway), and her tonnage will be 59,900, compared with the 53,000 of the *United States*. Her ultimate cost has been estimated at nearly £78,000,000. Four large elevators will convey planes from the hangar deck up to the steel flight deck; and four catapults on the deck will be capable of launching thirty-two interceptor fighters within four minutes. The great carrier will be the first of ten of its class, the third of which may be atomic powered. William C. Foster, Deputy Secretary of Defence, who delivered the principal speech at the keel-laying, said "The U.S.S. *Forrestal* will be able to carry the naval air power of the United States to any part of the world to promote security and peace for ourselves and our allies."

LAUNCHING THE "JOHN S. McCAIN" AT BATH, MAINE: The great destroyer slides down the slipway at the Bath Iron Works. The *John S. McCain* is one of four destroyer leaders of the Mitscher class, the largest in the world and bigger than many light cruisers of other countries. She is 493 ft. long and has a displacement of 3,675 tons. Cost is estimated at more than £10,500,000. The Mitscher class is a new design, a long-range fleet type for anti-submarine duties.

Above—**BUILDING THE LOCKHEED SUPER CONSTELLATION AT BURBANK, CALIFORNIA: Inner wing sections are fitted to the U.S. Navy's R7V-1 transport on the final assembly line at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation factory. The Super Constellation has new compound engines, capable of producing speeds of over 370 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 330-340 m.p.h. with a range comparable with the latest jets. It will be convertible to a 106-passenger transport, a 73-litter hospital plane, or heavy freighter of 17½ tons capacity.**

***On left*—THE DOUGLAS SKYROCKET ATTAINS 1,238 M.P.H.:** It has recently been reported that a Douglas test pilot reached this astonishing speed (nearly twice the speed of sound) on a flight last August. He also reached a height of 79,494 ft. The official world speed record is 670·981 m.p.h., and the highest altitude 72,395 ft., which was attained by two Americans in a balloon in 1935.



On right—**"THE WORLD'S SMALLEST AEROPLANE": Such was the claim of Bob Starr, test pilot and co-builder, of the Sky Baby, which he had just flown at Palm Springs, California. The tiny biplane has a wing-span of 7 ft. 3 ins. and cost less than £800. This compact little single-seat machine will be seen at air displays in America this year when it will be used to give demonstrations.**

TRANSPORTING A FAIREY FIREFLY SAILING DINGHY ACROSS THE CHANNEL BY AIR: This Bristol freighter carried car, trailer and sailing dinghy across the Channel to show how easily dinghies can be flown to France for a day's racing, or for export to overseas buyers.

A FARMYARD SCENE AT THE AERODROME: Some of the fifty bulls which were flown from Amsterdam to Milan being guided into the freighter. Thousands of cattle are now being transported by air.

On left—THE HUGE BLACKBURN UNIVERSAL FREIGHTER IN FLIGHT: These machines are second only to the Brabazon in size and may in the future be used for shipping cars and passengers across the Channel.

Above—CARS BEING DRIVEN UP THE SPECIAL RAMP INTO A FREIGHTER FOR TRANSPORT ACROSS THE CHANNEL: Thousands of cars, motor-cycles, bicycles, and also their owners now cross to the Continent in this way.

AIR FERRY ACROSS THE CHANNEL

How Motor Vehicles and their Owners are Carried Between France and England by Air Freight Transports

By JOHN W. R. TAYLOR

HITLER proved to our discomfort in 1940 that air power had reduced our traditional first line of defence, the English Channel, to little more than a ditch. It was left to a Briton to throw a bridge across that ditch, with one of the finest examples of enterprise in post-war civil aviation—the Channel Air Ferry.

No one had ever tried to operate a commercial air ferry service for vehicles before Air Commodore Powell, the managing director of Silver City Airways, flew his first motor-car from Lympne Airport, near Folkestone, to Le Touquet on July 14, 1948. Nor has anybody since tried to copy the idea, despite the success of the air ferry. Again this summer it will carry some 13,000 cars, motor-cycles, bicycles and their owners between Britain and the Continent on twin routes from Lympne to Le Touquet and Southampton to Cherbourg. The total would have been 50 per cent. higher if the British tourist's travel allowance had not been cut by the Government from £50 to £25.

The big attraction of the air ferry is that it offers safe, convenient and fast transport to the Continent at reasonable cost. For a family with two young children and a small car, the single fare between Lympne and Le Touquet works out at £12 for the car and £5 12s. 6d. for the passengers. Equivalent fares for motor-cycles and bicycles are £4 and £1 respectively. This is rather more than the boat fare, but the air journey takes only twenty minutes, so that tourists from the Midlands or North of England can get from their homes to the Continent in one day, instead of having to stay overnight in a hotel and buy several meals en route.

The whole procedure has been developed to a fine art since that first season in 1948, when the air ferry carried a total of only seventy cars on a day-to-day charter basis. Most motorists now arrange their booking and travel documents through the A.A. or R.A.C., so that all they have to do is to make sure they arrive at the airport half-an-hour before take-off time, complete with car, luggage, car-net, passports and ticket. On arrival at, for example, Lympne, they are met by representatives of the airline, who clear the car through Customs and drive it up a ramp into the cavernous cargo-hold of one of a fleet of twin-engined Bristol freighter aircraft. By the time the passengers and their hand-luggage have passed through Immigration and Customs checks, the car is shackled down and the freighter is ready for take-off.

A typical load includes two motor-cars, ranging in size from Austin Sevens to Rolls-Royces, one or two motor-cycles, and odd small items of freight, plus twelve passengers in a simply but adequately-furnished cabin to the rear of the cargo-hold. The cabin lacks some of the frills to which air travellers have become accustomed, but its air-conditioning and sound-proofing are quite efficient. By the time the passengers settle down to enjoy the smooth, steady flight about 1,000 ft. above the sea, the coastline of France is usually in view, and within half-an-hour of take-off in England they can be clear of Le Touquet Airport, on the road to Paris, the Riviera, or wherever their particular fancy lies.

As one would expect, it did not take Britain's motor manufacturers long to appreciate the potential value of the air ferry to their export business. Several of them, including Ford and the Rootes Group, now send all their exports to France by air, having proved it cheaper than surface transport. Dealers on the Continent are also happier, as they no longer have to carry a big stock of different cars. A telephone call to England produces the exact type, shape and colour of car their customer requires, in showroom condition, within a few hours of the order being placed.

Motor-cycles, a score at a time, and bicycles are also exported across the invisible air bridge. So are all sorts of other things, from bedroom suites to cows by the thousand and, in the reverse direction, cheese by the ton, for there are few items of cargo that cannot be accommodated in the freighter's 2,200 cub. ft. of cabin space. Famous sporting motorists fly from track to track with their racing cars, in aircraft which a few months ago ferried 200 roomfuls of furniture from Lympne to Paris for N.A.T.O.'s new headquarters. A sailing enthusiast flew to France complete with a Firefly dinghy stowed on a trailer behind his motor-car; another car and trailer combination carried the specially-built piano of an internationally famous concert pianist. A young lady with a lot of courage travelled over in comfort with her invalid carriage, in the aircraft which earlier had brought to England an exiled King.

Air Commodore Powell was no newcomer to "air bridges" when he started the car ferry. Eleven years earlier he had piloted the first airline flights across the Atlantic from East to West. As chief of the R.A.F.'s wartime Ferry Command, he built up the biggest air bridge in history, to bring fighters and bombers from U.S. factories to battle in the skies over Europe.

When the fighting was over, he was asked to manage a modest airline which had been formed to carry mining engineers between Britain and distant parts of the Commonwealth. Most important of the mining centres at Broken Hill, New South Wales, is known internationally as the Silver City. So the airline became Silver City Airways.

For two years it spread its wings carefully, attracting little public interest. Then Britain and America had to build another air bridge between the Western sectors of Germany and Berlin, to beat the Russian blockade. Silver City took its place on the Air Lift with two of the newly-developed Bristol freighter transports, and soon became headline news. The other machines on the Lift were converted passenger airliners, with small, inconvenient loading-doors, totally unsuited for taking aboard sacks of coal, bags of flour or heavy machinery. None of these things presented any difficulties to the freighter crews, who could unload 5 tons of cargo through the big cabin nose-doors, take on a new load and be ready to leave in a few minutes.

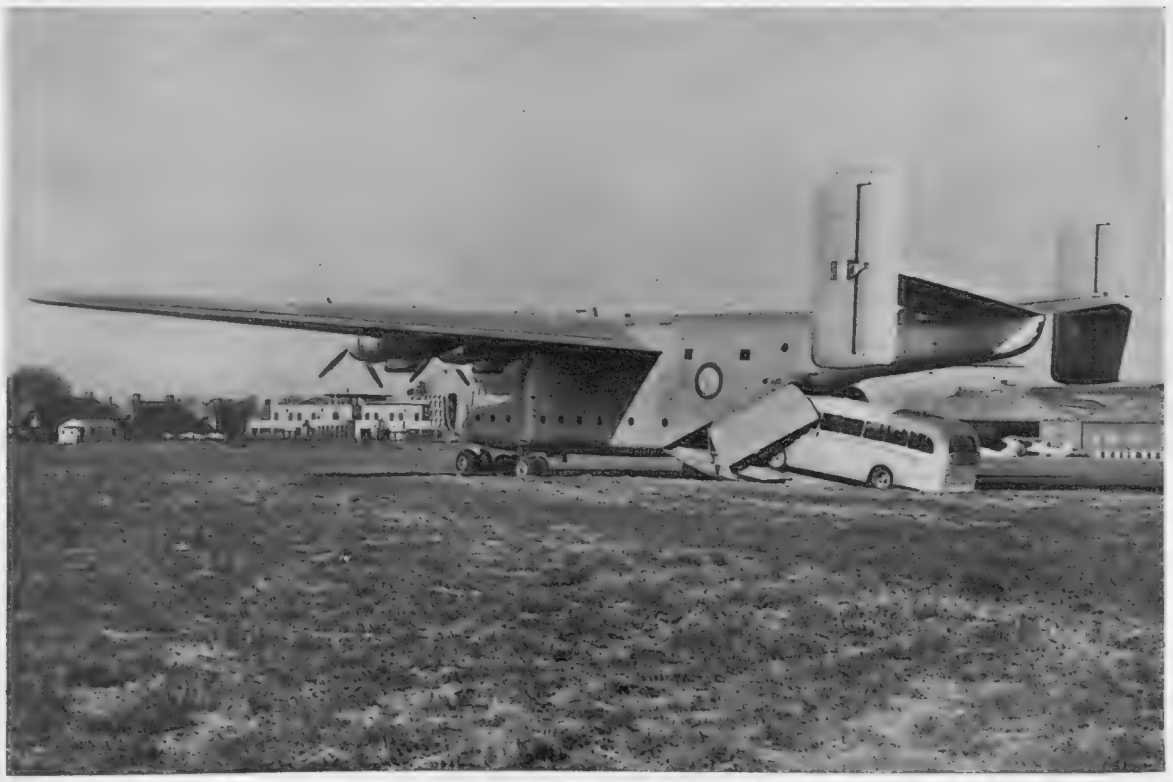
AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF A LARGE HELICOPTER AS ENVISAGED FOR A CROSS-CHANNEL CAR-FERRY OF THE FUTURE: The helicopter in this drawing by Gordon Nicoll carries under its fuselage a giant detachable "pod," accommodating two or three cars. On the ground beneath, other "pods" are already being loaded, so that the interval between the arrival and departure of the machine is reduced to a minimum. About thirty passengers could be carried in the aircraft's fuselage. It is certain that most helicopters of the future, like the one in this drawing, will have wings, making them safer by reducing the load on the rotors in flight. A landing-ground roughly 150 ft. by 100 ft. would be sufficient for machines of this size.

Those two aircraft were the basis of the present fleet of nine freighters, two of which are now flying ten hours a day every day on the new Berlin Air Lift, carrying out of the city Berlin-built heavy machinery and electrical gear which the Russians will not allow to be exported through their zone. Next spring the fleet will be increased to fifteen, as the Company, encouraged by the success of the Channel Ferry, have ordered six "long-nose" freighters, redesigned to carry three small cars and twenty passengers.

But the plans for the future do not stop there. It is believed that 100 round trips a day are about the maximum either practicable or necessary on the present routes, but that there are tremendous possibilities in a longer-distance ferry, direct from an airport near London to one near Paris. The only way to achieve this is to use bigger aircraft, and it is no secret that Silver City are interested in buying three of the new four-engined Blackburn Universal freighters.

Beyond this second stage in the development programme, Air Commodore Powell looks forward to the helicopter age, which will bring fares down dramatically by eliminating airport landing fees, which now total about £6 10s. for every trip between Britain and France. In contrast with the big Universals, the helicopters will make the shortest possible Channel crossing, literally from beach to beach, a distance of about 22½ miles. Nor will they match our present concept of what helicopters look like, for they will be little more than flying cranes, carrying their loads of cars and passengers in detachable "pods" that can be filled and Customs-cleared while the "crane" is shuttling to and fro. As soon as it lands, the pods can be switched in a matter of minutes.

Air Commodore Powell is convinced that such a helicopter is not only practicable but inevitable within the next eight years. If so, it will enable him to reduce his fares to a level that will cancel out the surface carrier's only remaining attraction. In any case, the ferry service seems assured of a golden future.



A LARGE MOTOR-COACH IS DRIVEN INTO THE CARGO-HOLD OF THE NEW BLACKBURN UNIVERSAL FREIGHTER: This four-engined aircraft is one of the largest freighters in existence and is capable of carrying six cars, six motor-cycles and forty passengers between London and Paris in about an hour's flying time. It is believed that a number of Blackburn Universals may be in use for the cross-Channel car transport service in the near future.

HIGH SUMMER IN BRITAIN

The Canterbury Festival; High land Dancing and Pipe-playing Dunbar; the Duke of Gloucester Inspects the Scots Guards; And Other Home News in Pictur

During the past few weeks Canterbur has been much in the news owing to the acts of its Dean, Dr. Hewlett Joh son. Now, with the holiday season in swing, the Cathedral city is again in th news, this time because of its Festiv which is attracting visitors from far a wide. Owing to the success of the Cante bury Festival last year, when Britain wa host to the world, it has been decided t organise an annual festival which, it hoped, will establish itself on the lev of the Stratford and Malvern Festiva During the three weeks of Canterbury Festival, which go on until next Frida there is a choice of drama, opera, sque dancing in the open air, and, of course, t traditional cricket week. In the grounds St. Augustine's Abbey, the first Benedictin Abbey in England, a pageant play tells a series of episodes the story of the Abbe and the history of the city from pagan t modern times. At the Marlowe Theatr there is Shakespeare's *The Comedy Errors*, which is being played in Edwardia costumes and scenery. There are also tw exhibitions in the city, one of Canterbury in the first Elizabethan era and the othe of East Kent antiques and heirlooms. A the beginning of the Festival the King School opened a programme with abridge versions of Mozart's *The Marriage Figaro* and *Cosi Fan Tutte*.

HIGH SUMMER IN KENT—A SCENE FROM THE PAGEANT PLAY WHICH IS BEING PERFORMED AS PART OF THE CANTERBURY FESTIVAL: The two actors portraying Cardinal Pandulf and Archbishop Langton stroll across the lawns of St. Augustine's Abbey during the presentation of *The Enduring Stones*. The Festival, which opened on July 21, goes on until next Friday.

PORTRAYING THE HISTORY OF THE CITY AND THE STORY OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY: A further scene from *The Enduring Stones*, the pageant play written by Edward Percy. The play was also produced at last year's Festival.

A HOLIDAY ATTRACTION IN A SCOTTISH TOWN—WATCHED BY THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS, THE MASSED PIPE BAND MARCHES DOWN DUNBAR HIGH STREET DURING THE GRAND FINALE OF THE HIGHLAND PIPE BAND AND DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS: These championships, which took place during July, drew many Scotsmen to the town of Dunbar. There they saw the Scottish arts of pipe-playing and Highland Dancing at their very best. On *left*—Four girls give a demonstration outside the St. George Hotel, in Dunbar High Street

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AS COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, MAKES HIS ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE 2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS: The inspection was carried out in bright sunshine at Chelsea Barracks. Accompanying the Duke as he passed through the ranks of the Guards was the Commanding Officer. On the day following his inspection at Chelsea, the Duke of Gloucester went out to Gilwell Park, Chingford, to preside at the Annual Meeting of the Boy Scouts Association.

SWAN-UPPERS AT WORK—THE ANNUAL TASK OF CLAIMING THE SWANS ON THE THAMES: The scene at Hampton Court as the swan-uppers hoisted the swans and cygnets out of the water during the marking operations. The men who mark new swans on the Thames, to show that they belong to the Sovereign and the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies, wore their traditional costume of braided uniforms and striped jerseys. The duties of swan-upping have hardly changed in the past 400 years, and the uppers use traditional marks, one nick under the right side of the swan's bill for Dyers' birds and two nicks on the other side for Vintners' birds; while the Royal birds are left unmarked.

THE M.V. "TONQUIN" SHOWS HER PACES AND HER SLEEK LINES ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER: The *Tonquin*, which was launched last week at Southampton, is the largest all-aluminium yacht in this country. Her builders, Messrs. Grimston Astor, have employed a technique similar to aircraft construction. The light alloy sheets forming the skin of the vessel are shaped and joined in the flat state and the transverse members attached. The sides are then pulled up into shape, stretching the skin and giving it increased strength. The *Tonquin* weighs 14 tons, has an overall length of 60 ft. and can cruise at 12 knots. She was built to the order of Mr. John Astor. The advantages of aluminium construction have already been proved; notably in the new liner, the *United States*.

CLOSING IN ON THE SWANS DURING THE SWAN-UPPING CEREMONIES AT HAMPTON COURT: The first three flags seen in this picture are of the Dyers' Company; the fourth is of the Vintners'.

On right—

THE ARAB HORSE SHOW AT ROEHAMPTON—ARABIAN BROOD MARES PARADING BEFORE THE JUDGES: It was in bright sunshine and a typical English setting that the Arab Horse Society presented their two-day show at Roehampton last week. Entries were as numerous as last year and the standard was distinctly higher. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone were present and there were many visitors from overseas. In the open stallion class the judges were faced with a difficult choice: finally the championship was awarded to Mr. Clark's three-year-old Bahram, by Sainfoin. Among other prize-winners were Lady Wentworth's yearling Serafilla, who won the Junior Championship for fillies, and Miss Yule's Casterello in the Anglo-Arab class. Miss Yule had another success with Royal Harmony, by Suzerain, in the yearling class.

THE CORONATION COURT OF CLAIMS HOLDS ITS FIRST MEETING IN THE CHAMBER OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE IN DOWNING STREET : This first meeting was held in private to decide on the procedure claimants will have to follow. The meeting was opened in public but the Court was cleared after the Clerk of the Crown, Sir Albert Napier, had read the Commission appointing the members of the Court. It was not necessary for all the forty-two members to attend the first meeting. Seated from left to right in this picture are Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain ; Lord Woolton, Lord President of the Council ; the Chairman, Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor ; the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal ; Lord Jowitt, Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, and Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice.

LORD CLARENDON, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ARRIVING FOR THE INAUGURAL MEETING : The Lord Chamberlain is the chief officer of the Royal Household and the second dignitary of the Court. All State ceremonies are in his care.

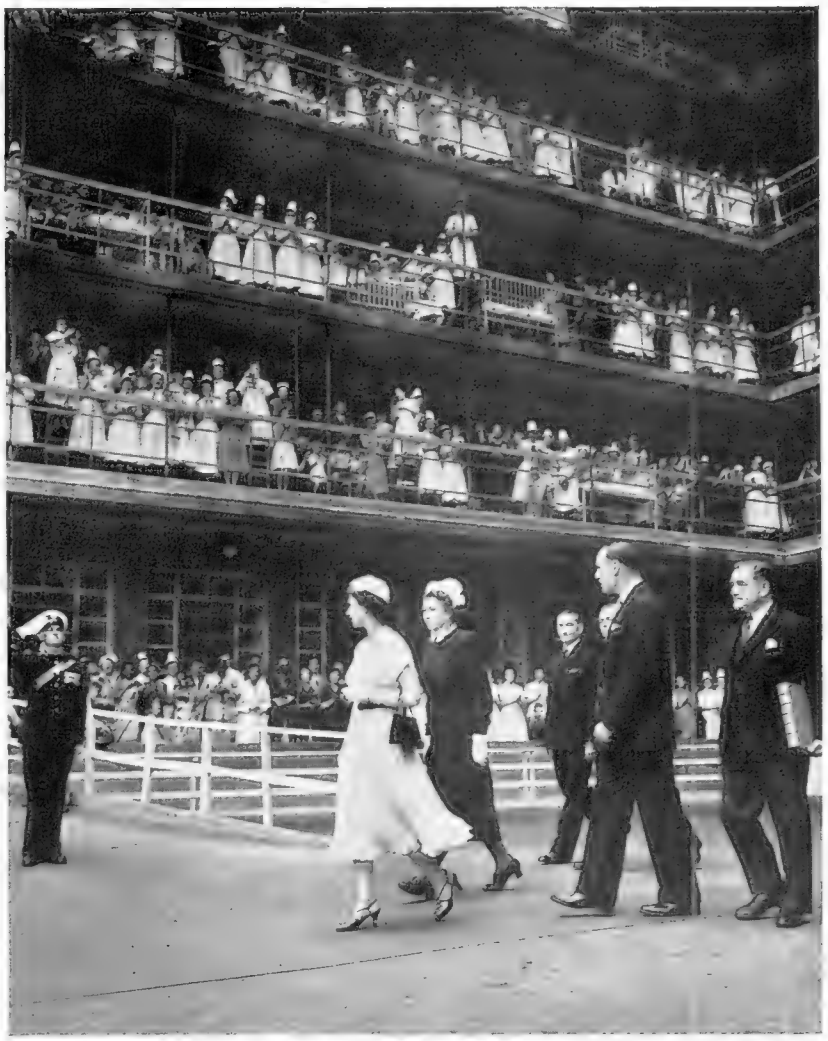
The CORONATION COURT of CLAIMS

The First Meeting of the Commissioners Appointed by the Queen Determines the Order of Procedure for Petitioners who Claim Service at the Coronation

One of the first preliminary ceremonies in the months preceding the Coronation of the Sovereign is the institution of the Court of Claims, which is set up to adjudicate upon claims to perform ceremonial services to the Queen in the Abbey and elsewhere. Last week, after the Queen had appointed forty-two persons as Commissioners to hear and determine claims of services to be performed on June 2 next, a Special Committee met at the Privy Council Office in London to resolve the form of procedure claimants must take in presenting their claims to the Court. When the Court was opened the Registrar called out " Let all persons keep silence," and the Clerk of the Crown read out the Queen's approval to the holding of the Court. The Court was then cleared and the public were not allowed to return until the Commissioners had finished their deliberations. In their announcement the Commissioners said that they had resolved that all claims must be made by petition to the Clerk of the Court of Claims by October 10, and that petitioners are not required to appear in person before the Court unless summoned. If a claim was deposited in 1936 or 1937, the petitioner, or his present representative, should lodge a short formal petition stating that the claim was allowed. The Court then adjourned until October 31. The origin of the ancient Court of Claims goes back to the Coronation of Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II. There are offices of three kinds : those which are hereditary, those which are an appendage to a title, and those which are performed owing to the tenure of lands by grand serjeanty.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND : In the Court of Claims the Duke will be claiming to be Chief Butler to the Queen. In England the office of Earl Marshal is the eighth great office of State.

THE QUEEN WAVES GOOD-BYE TO THE CHILDREN AND THEIR NURSES AS SHE LEAVES ...TER HER VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN IN GREAT ORMOND STREET, ...NDON : **On the right is the hospital's matron, Miss G. Kirby.** During her visit, ...ich was an informal one, the Queen spent an hour walking through the wards talking to patients ...d to members of the staff. She met Sister Winifred Turner, who nursed her at Sandringham ...en she had measles. Many of the children were being visited by their mothers. Their teddy-...rs and dolls were put down as the Royal visitor, wearing white georgette, stopped to speak ...them. Children and nurses lined the balconies of the hospital to cheer as her Majesty left.



YOUNG PATIENTS AND THEIR NURSES AT GREAT ORMOND STREET CROWD THE BALCONIES TO BID THE QUEEN FAREWELL : While the commissionaire on the left gives a brave salute the nurses, and the visitors well provided with cameras, take the opportunity of a final snapshot of the Queen as she leaves.

THE QUEEN AT GREAT ORMOND STREET

And at the Royal Windsor Horse Show

A GENERAL VIEW OF JUDGING IN PROGRESS IN CLASS II, SMALL HUNTER EVENT, AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW : The Queen spent several hours at the Show when it opened on July 24 in the Home Park of Windsor Castle, which is seen in the background of this picture. She wore a dove-blue and white frock with white hat to match. At the end of each event she walked into the ring from the Members' Enclosure and presented the awards. Later in the day she went to the Royal Lodge, Windsor, where she was spending the week-end, and she returned to the Show next day for the floodlit session. On Saturday, the third and final day of the Show, the British Olympic Games Jumping team made their last appearance before leaving England for Helsinki. Her Majesty was again present. The Show had been postponed from mid-May because of Court mourning.

HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW : The Queen was greeted by the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort, and stayed well into the evening.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE PLEASANT LAND OF THE DORDOGNE VALLEY

A Countryside of Immense Beauty in South-Western France Dominated by its Châteaux and Castles

ON entering the vestibule of the Hotel Domino in Périgueux, you are confronted with a large, framed photograph picture. It shows the nine smiling, white-garbed and tall-hatted chefs of the establishment, along with a rather lugubrious black-robed sculleryman. A curious mural decoration might well be your first reflection, while you might also think so large a staff of cooks to be somewhat unnecessary for this outwardly modest hotel. But the honour paid to these men is fully justified, and their numbers are not redundant. Your first meal in the dining-room will definitely prove this.

For here in Périgord you are in a province which still knows what good cooking is. Truffles dominate the veritable banquets which you will encounter in many of its hotels and inns, for every Périgourdin, so it is claimed, is a gourmet and a chef by birth. And I would go so far as to say that one glorious week in the region of the Dordogne is surely more delectable, especially to austerity-conditioned Britons, than a much longer holiday elsewhere. Nowhere else, even in France, will you be better fed.

But a superb cuisine is only one of the outstanding attractions in this marvellous countryside, whose rich beauty is unlike that of any other part of France and which is unexcelled elsewhere. And I make this claim with the thought of the Valley of the Loire in my mind. Then, nowhere else does feudalism come alive as it does in the Dordogne Valley. Here is a chain of exquisite river valleys, often lined with graceful poplars, and low mountains, rolling farmlands and daring little hills that look as if they had popped up as perches for fairy-book châteaux and castles. Even for the person who knows nothing of the country's history, who knows little of any medieval history, or the kind of life that built these castles here, something of the Middle Ages stirs them into vivid existence.

These châteaux and castles vary in date from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries, and many of them are still lived in, thus giving them a human air of habitation. They contrast markedly with the much more elaborate palaces of the Loire. I look back, for instance, with joy to a visit I paid this last spring—an idyllic day—to the Château of Beynac, whence from its terrace I looked straight down, nearly 500 ft., to the noble majesty of the Dordogne River and to the fertile country beyond. Wedged in between the riverside and the cliff was the straggling street of little houses clustered under the castle's towering height, with a realisation of that castle's protecting power. And in this tiny village I lodged gloriously in the Hotel Bonnet—to which Michelin rightly awards a star—where, in a delightful setting, one can choose from the proprietor's specialities: *Galantine de volaille truffée, Poulet périgourdine, Lièvre à la royale.*

Not far from Beynac is the thirteenth-century fortress town of Domme, built on the top of a cone which rises, steep and narrow, sheer 500 ft. Its situation is magnificent and it was in olden days almost impregnable. From this summit you get possibly the finest panorama of the Dordogne Valley. In the village, so little changed from the Middle Ages that you feel that the appearance of a warriors' cavalcade would not surprise you, there are two modest hotels.

North, across the river from Domme and about five miles distant, is Sarlat, a small town. It has a mediocre main street and its hotels are justifiably without stars. Yet, within a stone's throw of this mediocrity lies one of the most fascinating medieval quarters in France. Here, indeed, are corners for the artist, who would crowd his canvas with a medley of old incongruous dwellings which hem in and almost stifle the tottering church. One of the most remarkable of the old mansions is that where lived Etienne de la Boëtie, Montaigne's philosophical friend. It is a delightful example of the French Renaissance, and is richly ornamented with carvings. It bears a plaque commemorative of Boëtie.

As a centre for exploring the region of the Dordogne I would recommend near-by Souillac, which lies on the direct railway line from Paris to Toulouse. The Grand Hotel is supremely good—with a Michelin star, of course—and the terms for half-pension are not unreasonable. This would enable you to spend the days in excursions, either in your own car or by the buses which radiate from here. Although Souillac itself is not of great interest generally, it does possess a magnificent romanesque church, which was built in the second quarter of the twelfth century, and from the point of view of the archæologist is one of the most important domed churches in the South of France. The extraordinary thing about this church is its relief of the Last Judgment, which is not, as one would expect, in the tympanum of the portal, but instead is inside, over a Gothic arch at the west end. It is a strangely powerful piece of sculpture, and the artist has succeeded in writing a grim despair upon the faces of all those to whom he has allotted hell; but one wonders why the pig is included.

From Souillac there is within reach of a day's excursion so many wonderful sights that one is amazed that this part of France is still so little known. The reason can hardly be inaccessibility, for both Souillac and Périgueux are within a few hours' comfortable train journey from Paris. Yet, even if the region of the Dordogne was off the beaten track, it would be worth the labours of travel to reach it. Cahors, for instance, with its beautiful encircling river, which is spanned by that magnificent fourteenth-century fortified bridge, the Pont Valentré, is less than an hour by train from Souillac. (On the far side is an unusual milestone giving the distances to New York and Moscow, as well as to near-by villages.) I would claim that this is the most romantic bridge on any river of the world. Then, in the town itself, there is a noble cathedral (twelfth century), a fourteenth-century palace, and other buildings of interest. At the café-hotel Mon Auberge the proprietor puts on a first-class regional menu, while the bedroom accommodation is perfectly satisfactory. This hotel is close to both the railway station and the Pont Valentré. There is also a helpful information office (Syndicat d'Initiative).

South-east of Souillac is Rocamadour, one of the wonders of France. Clinging to the side of a steep cliff this curious little rose-coloured town has attracted pilgrims from all parts of Europe for over 1,000 years. For here is a celebrated statue of the Virgin Mary, while in a crypt are the alleged relics of Zacchæus, called Amadour (from which the place takes its name), the little friend of Christ. Incidentally, the view from the plateau from which one looks across at Rocamadour provides the most picturesque sight of all. I would not recommend a prolonged stay in the town itself. It is more romantic at a distance.

Not far from both Rocamadour and Souillac, but separately placed, are the Lacave Grottoes and the Caves of Padirac. The former are vast caves, inhabited in prehistoric days and containing very beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. But it is the Gouffe de Padirac which should on no account be missed. Here you descend by elevators and steps into the very bowels of the earth, where you take boat and travel for some distance along a river. To describe this amazing experience in a few words is quite impossible, and I can only say that I regard this extraordinary subterranean fairyland as one of the greatest natural spectacles I have ever seen.

Equally fantastic, but in a different way, for this time it is man's creation which provides one of the world's wonders, are the decorated Lascaux Caves, near Montignac, and lying half-way between Périgueux and Souillac. Here are works of Palæolithic cave-art painted 20,000 years or more ago. What strikes even the non-expert about these paintings of wild horses, deer, bisons and other animals, is the vitality shown in these fresh, sympathetic pictures. They are the works of genius, and this "Sistine Chapel of Prehistory" takes rank with the Parthenon and the Alhambra among the treasures of our civilisation. At Montignac, a pleasant little town in which to linger for a day or two, there is the Hotel Soleil d'Or, which I can recommend.

There are many other caves in the neighbourhood, especially around Les Eyzies (the hotels Cro-Magnon and Les Glycines are excellent), but they should be visited before, and not after, Lascaux, for their interest, considerable though it is, is on a markedly lesser plane.

Périgueux, capital of the province of Périgord, with its grand and beautiful Byzantine cathedral dreaming above the little River Isle, is a cross-section of the Levant. This domed city, suggestive of the East, has much to offer the visitor in the way of interest. There are fine Roman remains, while apart from the glorious cathedral, the only one of its kind existing in France to-day, the captivating little town has many old houses that seem never to have been new. Along the Rue du Lys are especially quaint dwellings, smothered with vines and flowers, which may lack pavements, but which in the street provides a veritable farmyard of chickens and even geese. But why the Germans during their occupation should have seen fit to tear down the statue of Montaigne, who was born and lived in this region, lacks civilised comprehension; especially as they left untouched many other statues of quite unimportant personages.

Oh! It is a pleasant land, this of the Dordogne, a secluded, pleasant land. It offers a countryside in which to potter among rivers and strange geological formations, and in the tracks of troubadours and gallant knights. In the springtime and in the autumn it is particularly agreeable. It belongs to a different France from that we are familiar with; and the people, too, are different. Everything is quiet, changeless, medieval; and with Delacroix, who wrote of this country a century ago, I would say: "It is a mixture of all the sensations that are lovely and pleasant to our hearts and imaginations."

The French Government Tourist Office (179, Piccadilly, London, W.1) can give further travel information about the Dordogne; and I would also like to recommend strongly a recently published book, entitled *Three Rivers of France*, by Freda White (Faber and Faber), for it covers this part of France in admirable fashion.

Gordon Cooper

A PILGRIMAGE RESORT IN THE ALZOU RAVINE: Looking across the valley towards the village of Rocamadour, situated in the Ravine of Alzou, 400 ft. high and enclosed by precipitous hills. The Chapel of the Virgin Mary stands on a summit of a rock and is reached by a granite staircase, which pilgrims ascend on their knees. The Alzou is a tributary of the Dordogne.

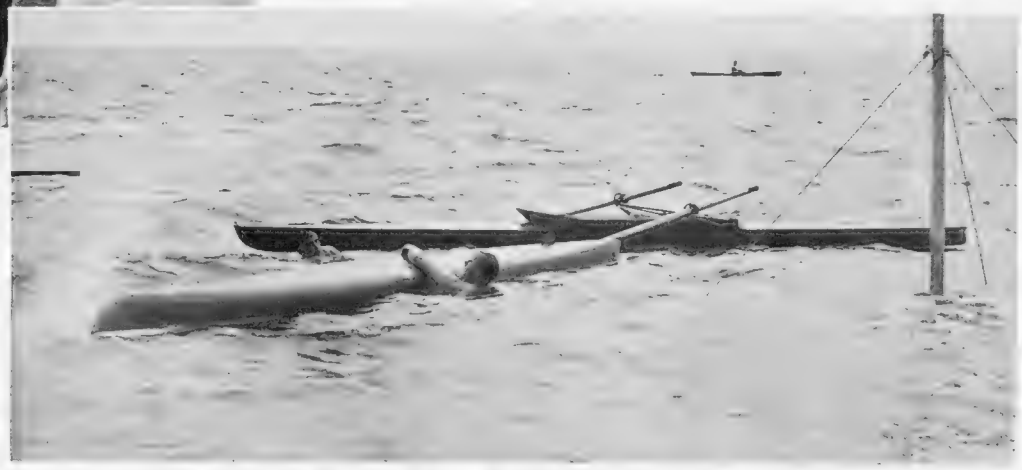
THE VILLAGE OF BEYNAC: This small village is wedged in between the riverside and the cliffs, just below the towering height of the Château of Beynac.

DOWN TO THE SEA

Pictures of the Race Home from Bermuda ; The Edinburgh Cup ; And Other News Items with a Nautical Flavour

AN ECHO OF THE BERMUDA YACHT RACE—THE "CARIBEE" (NEAREST THE CAMERA) AND THE "MARABU" AT PLYMOUTH, AFTER THEIR TRANSATLANTIC RACE FROM BERMUDA : The American yacht *Caribee* was the first home, passing the Plymouth breakwater at 1.30 a.m. on Thursday, July 24, closely followed by the yacht *Marabu*, which arrived only 3 hrs. 40 mins. later. When 1,400 miles out from Bermuda, *Marabu* fell in with the French yacht *Janabel*, another of the competitors in the race. For eight days the two vessels were in close company and yacht-racing tactics were employed. There was a prolonged sniffing match that ended in the French vessel being dropped astern.

STOKER-MECHANIC HARRY HOGAN OF THE "MARABU" REEFING THE SAILS AFTER THE 12,000-MILE YACHT RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC : The Navy-manned *Marabu* was crossing the Bay of Biscay when Hogan fell overboard and was in the water for twenty minutes before he was rescued. When the two leading yachts reached Plymouth, *Janabel*, one of the French competitors, had been left far behind and the small yachts *Samuel Pepys* and *Joliette* were about 600 miles westward of Land's End. *Samuel Pepys* put up the best British performance in the Bermuda races, finishing third in her class.



A THRILL AND A SPILL DURING THE EASTBOURNE REGATTA : In the Coast Amateur Rowing Association Senior Sculls event at the Eastbourne Regatta last week, the winner, B. Goodban, of the Deal team, collapsed after passing the finishing-line and fell from his boat. He managed to cling to his craft until another competitor came to his aid, and, with the help of spectators, got him ashore. Quite undaunted he later rowed in another winning boat in the C.A.R.A. Senior Pairs.

A PRIZE CATCH—MRS. ROSS-WALKER, OF RICHMOND, U.S.A., DWARFED BY THE 367-LB. MARLIN THAT SHE CAUGHT IN THE GULF STREAM : Mrs. Walker hooked the marlin off Hatteras, where this picture was taken, and is believed to be the first woman ever to land one along the North Carolina coast. She used a standard-sized reel for the first two hours of battle, afterwards splicing the line to a larger reel. The marlin was landed after a 4½-hour struggle. Its overall length was 10 ft. 10 ins.

THE EDINBURGH CUP—TWO YACHTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON CLASS ROUNDING A BUOY DURING THE RACING AT TORBAY : The two yachts are *Clytie* (No. 114) and Rhapsodie (No. 112). In the background, with billowing spinnaker, is the yacht *Rhythm*. Only sixteen vessels were entered for this race, a very poor entry compared with previous years. This was thought to be due to the number of Dragon yachtsmen now at Helsinki. Among the winners was the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht *Bluebottle*. The Edinburgh Cup was won by the yacht *Taiseer*, sailed by J. A. Day.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE QUEST FOR PONTECORVO

Alan Moorehead Probes the Double Lives of Fuchs, Pontecorvo and Nunn May

TO be a traitor is to have a double life not only on a material plane of deceptions and evasions, but on the spiritual and intellectual planes where it is possible for a man to justify his two opposed lines of conduct, not to a tribunal or even to his friends and acquaintances, but to himself. Most natures practise, and are aware of practising, a certain amount of duplicity: in this category come little white lies and more or less social excuses. But few people are capable of the radical duplicity, the cleavage in character, that a traitor must have in order first to decide on his actions, and then, day after day and possibly year after year, carry these actions out.

Mr. Alan Moorehead, in his excellent book on the double lives of Fuchs, Pontecorvo and Nunn May, treats this aspect of their mentalities with remarkable perception. THE TRAITORS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is far from being a banal review of known facts, but is a fresh, intelligent and informed study into, not the results, but the causes of treason. Mr. Moorehead takes Nunn May's case as a prototype for all the rest, and as revealing the pattern by which nearly all the other atomic spies can be recognised. Nunn May was, in fact, an entirely new sort of traitor; "a man who gave away secrets not for money or for power or through fear or hatred or the perverse attraction of the act of spying, or even basically because he believed in a political faith. He betrayed because he found himself in possession of information of the utmost value and with an Olympian confidence decided that he should pass it on for the good of mankind."

Mr. Moorehead traces the outlines of the three cases with admirable clarity and fills them in with details that are often quite staggering in their unexpectedness. Fuchs, for instance, who finally confessed of his own free will, had no conception of the real issues that were at stake for him. He had been a Russian agent, as he admitted, but that had been a mistake, and he was no longer a Russian agent. It now remained simply to wind up any tiresome official formalities as soon as possible so that he could get on with his work. In his view he had confessed, and that was that; it was all over and done with. This, incidentally, from the man in full possession of his senses who had just said that he had told the Russians the method of making the atomic bomb. To me, this was an entirely fascinating book, and I think that my enthusiasm for it will be widely shared.

THE RESTORED STATUE OF ACTRESS SARAH SIDDONS ON PADDINGTON GREEN: The repairs to the statue, which was damaged by bombs, were made possible by funds collected by a committee of actors, actresses and relatives of Sarah Siddons. The chairman of the committee was Lady Butler, a great-great-great niece of the actress, and the appeal for £200 was launched last May. The damage to the nose, foot and fingers was repaired by Mr. Alfred Banks, following advice given by Sir William Reid Dick. Mrs. Siddons made her stage debut in 1775.

The story of Mr. Herbert Hoover is one of very great interest, but as so often with autobiographers, and slightly less often when the autobiographers are ex-Presidents of the United States, they are not the best people to tell that story. The first volume of THE HOOVER MEMOIRS 1874-1920 (Hollis and Carter. 30s.) is subtitled *Years of Adventure*, and rightly, for in this period the young Hoover, a Quaker boy who was left an orphan, started out from a tiny home in Iowa on the journey that was to take him to the White House. It is still arguable, however, that an independent writer, primed with Mr. Hoover's notes and reminiscences, might have made a more vivid, less cautious recital out of this period that was so important both to the Herbert Hoover of those days and in forming the Hoover of this year of grace.

Naturally, the First World War, which found him working in London as a distinguished mining engineer, takes up a great part of this volume. In 1915-16 he was chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Mr. Hoover was concerned, too, as an outstanding member of the Republican administration, with the making of the Versailles Peace Treaty, with Woodrow Wilson and with his idea of the League of Nations. On the conclusions he drew from these years he expresses himself forcibly and controversially.

"I came out of all these experiences," writes Mr. Hoover, "with one absolute conviction, which was: America, with all its skill in organisation and the valour of its sons, could win great wars. But it could not make lasting peace. I was convinced we must keep out of Old World wars, lend ourselves to measures preventing war, maintaining peace and healing the wounds of war." Though Mr. Hoover still has more than thirty years of autobiography to give us, I think that this is not a conviction in which he has changed.

Mrs. Ballard Hadman is demonstrably a person with plenty of courage, a robust sense of fun and a pretty sound physique. The combination is rather less rare than phœnixes, but it is unusual enough in this case because the setting that Mrs. Hadman chose for the unconscious display of these virtues was Alaska, and not a tourist's Alaska (if there is such a thing), but the Alaska of fishermen who make their living from the dangerous seas, of nearly interminable winters and of bitter storms. There she met and married her husband, himself a commercial fisherman, and between there and Seattle she spent a busy and apparently blissfully happy six years. As THE SAILOR LOVES THE SEA (Heinemann. 15s.) is Mrs. Hadman's autobiography, or so she prefers to call it, and she has illustrated it with her own sketches. For myself, I would call this an autobiographical sketch of a period of happiness, and still more, a study of Alaska by one who knows.

What a pleasure it is to be able to say wholeheartedly that one has read a book of real distinction, a novel that, however slight its theme, will take its place among the very best of contemporary fiction and shine away there with its own modest, steady light. Such a novel is Miss Rachel Trickett's, her first, and one that often shows the small faults of inexperience, but is none the less a novel of real beauty. THE RETURN HOME (Constable. 13s. 6d.) is the story of no more than an incident: a summer spent by a group of friends near the Yorkshire home of one of their number.

This young man has a sister, a beautiful, high-minded and not particularly sensitive girl who falls deeply in love with one of her brother's friends, imagines her love to be returned and gives up the Nonconformist ministry to which she had dedicated herself. In the end the man goes back to London, and when she has read his letter of urbane, but no more than friendly farewell, the girl realises the extent of her mistake. It is not a tragedy, nor is it in any sense morbid. On the contrary, it is full of good sense, delicacy and the merest breath of sly humour.

THE RICH MAN (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), by Henry Kreisel, is a first novel by a young Canadian writer. Jacob Grossman is what the Canadians call a pants-presser, and having painfully accumulated some savings over thirty years of toil, he decides to return to Vienna to visit his old mother. He arrives there during the Anschluss, and in the ensuing turmoil he finds himself in the unexpected role of a rich relative from North America. Nobody believes him when he says he has only seventy dollars left. Like most stories of Jewish family life, it is full of the rich interplay of character, and it places Mr. Kreisel in the category of novelists whose career may well be worth watching.

THE NET (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is, I'm afraid, a proof of the old saw that truth, if not stranger than fiction, is at least much more exciting, for this novel of Mr. John Pudney's is written on the theme of treason, and is far less moving than either Mr. Moorehead's cool array of facts or than the report of the Royal Commission in Canada on the atomic spy ring that I remember reading a year or two ago. Such situations have their own drama and their own enormous implications which nothing can or nothing need stress and underline. Personal emotions and even melodrama are implicit in them, and it seems that this is one time when all the novelist's skill and invention are, to put it coolly, unnecessary. This is not to say that Mr. Pudney does not achieve a great deal with his subject—the treachery of a man in a Government research establishment. He does; and he manages to make of it all a story that has high moments of tension. Unfortunately the bare truth prevails.

The grim title of Mr. John Cowper Powys's new novel is a presage of its content, for THE INMATES (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) is indeed concerned with a mental home called Glint, and just as typically its principal characters are called John Hush and Tina Sheer, and its minor characters have such embarrassing names as Squeeze, Tickle, Pantamount, Wohntscher and Lordy. Now all this to a J. C. Powys admirer probably seems very right and proper. The trouble here is that although it is just what I expect, it is very definitely not just what I like, and in spite of the glimpses of something fine and imaginative the general effect is confused and cloudy.

In a very different department of fiction comes Miss Margery Allingham's TIGER IN THE SMOKE (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), a story of crime and terror that is magnificently within its frame and category and well written to boot. The Tiger in question is an escaped murderer, the "Smoke" an old, familiar name for London, and, in this case, for the thick fog that makes things easy for the criminal with his thin knife, and difficult for the egregious Mr. Albert Campion and his Scotland Yard pal, Luke. There is also the saintly and slightly silly Canon Avril and pretty Meg Elginbrodde, but the best thing about this particular *tour de force* is the hunt itself and the mounting horror and suspense of that.

FERDINAND JELLY ROLL MORTON

The New Orleans Mulatto Who Fostered Jazz

Ferdinand Jelly Roll Morton was born at the corner of Frenchman and Robinson, this New Orleans mulatto whom some people say was the inventor of jazz, whose music has gone round the world, whose rhythms linger on in the jazz of 1952, and whose place in jazz history is apparently as secure as that of Bach or Beethoven in the realms of classical music. Alan Lomax, who knows about these things, pays tribute to this remarkable character in MISTER JELLY ROLL (Cassell. 18s.), whom he describes as "a lovely pianist, but a difficult man who played with and quarrelled with almost every jazz musician of the last fifty years." Here is no ordinary biography; how could it be? The music of the Storyville bordellos, of Creole New Orleans, was not cradled in orthodoxy, nor can its creation be described in an orthodox manner; but patience with Mr. Lomax and his technique can be rewarding, for he conjures up the life of the great Southern city where Jelly Roll was at his prolific and creative best, and we see in colourfully revealing detail this man who absorbed the complex currents of the music of his home town, very early setting about organising and refining them into a system of music. How easy it would be on this side of the Atlantic to dismiss Mr. Lomax and his Jelly Roll with a polite shrug, the more easily because the composer's aggressive, self-assertive manner occasionally asks for such discrimination; but somehow or other this master of Creole folklore, of the New Orleans street songs, compels admiration, and the throbbing stream of tropic chords, which he knew so well how to conjure from the piano, seems to belong to the background of these pages.

Percy Wyndham Lewis, who as a painter was the chief exponent of Vorticism, that art movement which had its beginnings in Cubism, and who as a novelist established for himself an entirely separate reputation, based most notably on a gift for satire, is likely to enjoy an increasing reputation in both fields of his high endeavour, for as Richard Church has said, "in prose, as in paint, he is hard, incisive, definite." The latest of his novels to be republished is THE REVENGE FOR LOVE (Methuen. 15s.), which first saw the light of day in 1937. This is a novel full of action, full of turbulence, its thesis that the penalty of love is death. It has an enduring quality which the reader will no doubt be quick to recognise. This is the third in the series of reprints of Wyndham Lewis novels, having been preceded by *Tarr* and *Rotting Hill*.

J. C. Ackerley's HINDOO HOLIDAY (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), an account of a visit to the imaginary Indian State of Chrokrapur, convulsed a world-wide audience when it was first published in 1932, and this new and revised edition is sure of a hearty welcome. Here is a gay satire on autocracy, and the central figure is the Maharaja himself, that bundle of human frailty, that character of infinite appeal, who stands out against the background of his somewhat Gilbertian court.

Arnold Lunn can count nearly sixty years since he first spent a summer on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and he knows the Cantons of Switzerland as a mountaineer and as a skier. In winter and summer he has taken his pleasure among the high passes, walking, ski-ing, motoring and bicycling; but he has discovered, too, the treasures of art and architecture in the cantons, and his latest book, THE CRADLE OF SWITZERLAND (Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.), represents the varied measure of his devotion to this unique land. The introductory historical chapters have a special purpose; being directed in particular towards those of us who are inclined to forget the heritage of Switzerland, thinking only of her as an international playground.

And here, finally, is sufficient cricketing fare to last the reader the whole of the autumn and winter and to provide, into the bargain, a little variety on dull days in the pavilion in summer, if there be any such in this era of brighter cricket.

First and foremost let us welcome Walter Hammond's new volume, CRICKET'S SECRET HISTORY (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.). This is forthright stuff in the real Hammond manner, with many a current problem disposed of rather in the style in which this former England captain could dispose of the best of bowling.

Tom Dollery's PROFESSIONAL CAPTAIN (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) is a book for the student of the game by the first professional ever to captain a champion county. Dollery provides an important chapter on the amateur and professional approaches to cricket.

Another book for the student is Alec Bedser's BOWLING (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). The author makes excellent use of diagrams to expound his theories on the bowler's art. Two new additions to the County Cricket Series are J. H. Morgan's GLAMORGAN (Convoy Publications. 8s. 6d.) and Terence Prittie's MIDDLESEX (Convoy Publications. 7s. 6d.). This little series is admirable for the statistician.

Finally there is THE CRICKETER'S WEEK-END BOOK (Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.), which has been compiled by Eric Parker, an eminent authority on the game. This is full of interesting records, unusual stories and breezy character sketches, not to mention some of the poetry of the game.

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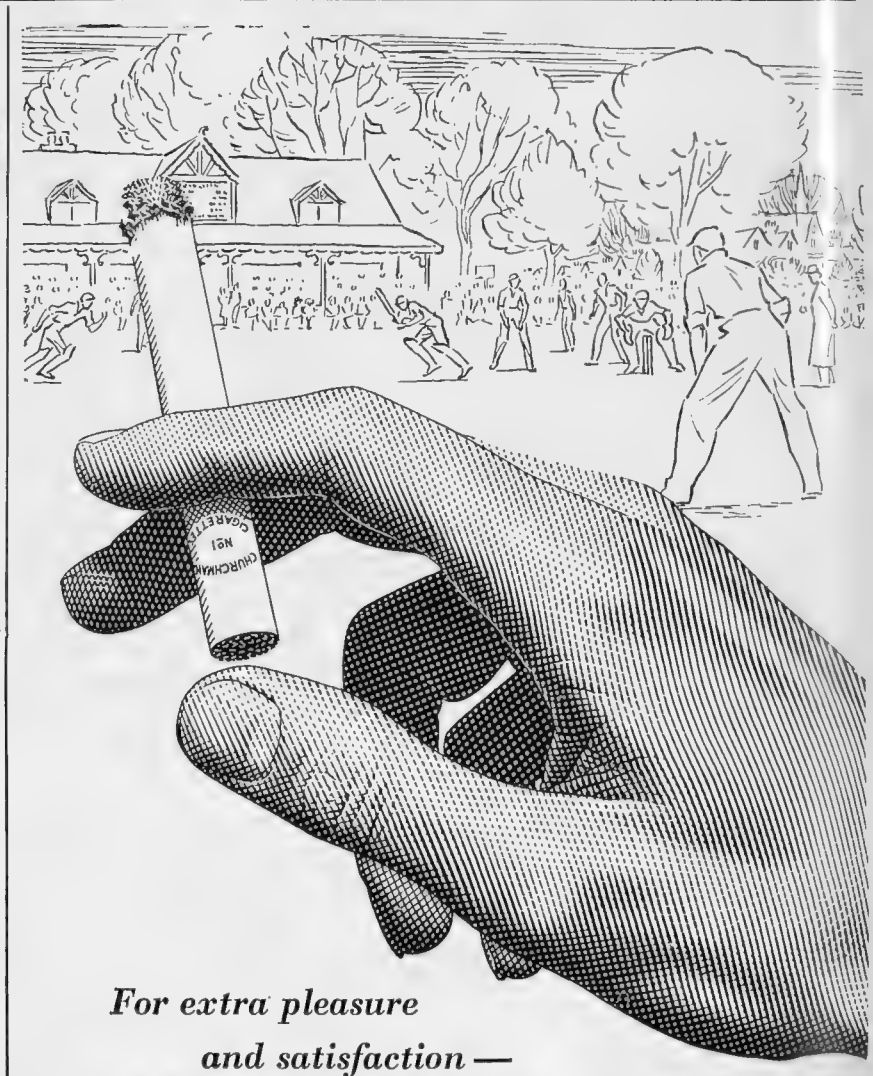

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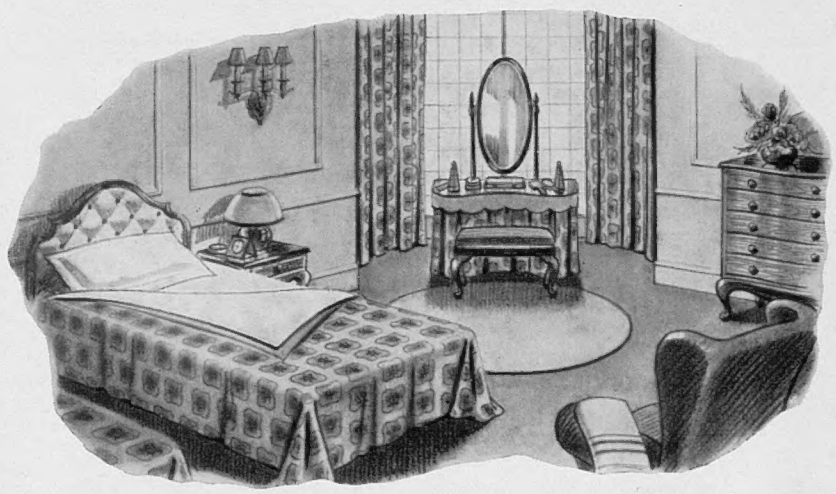

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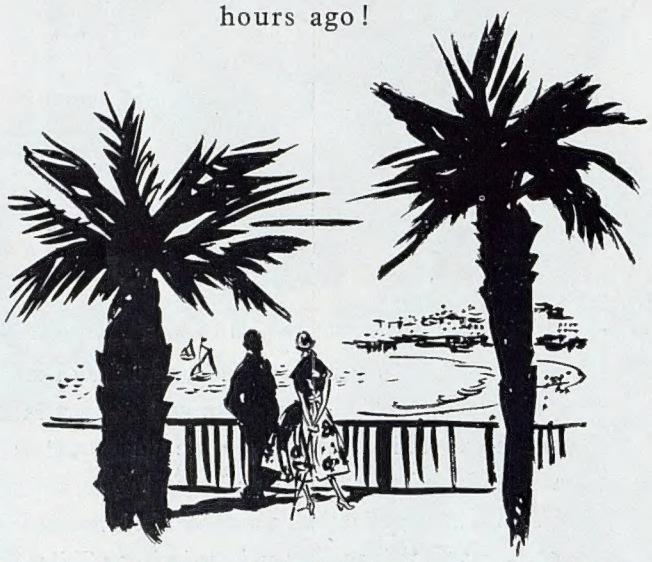

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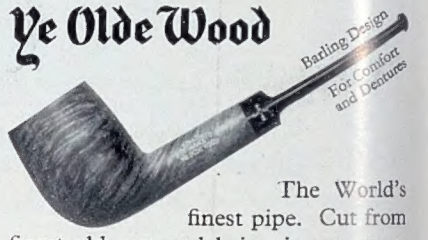

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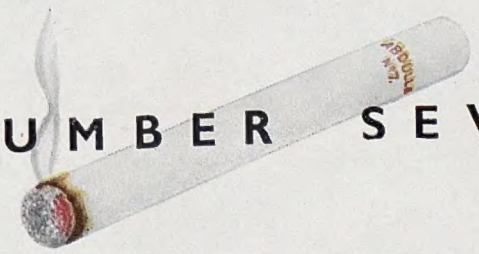

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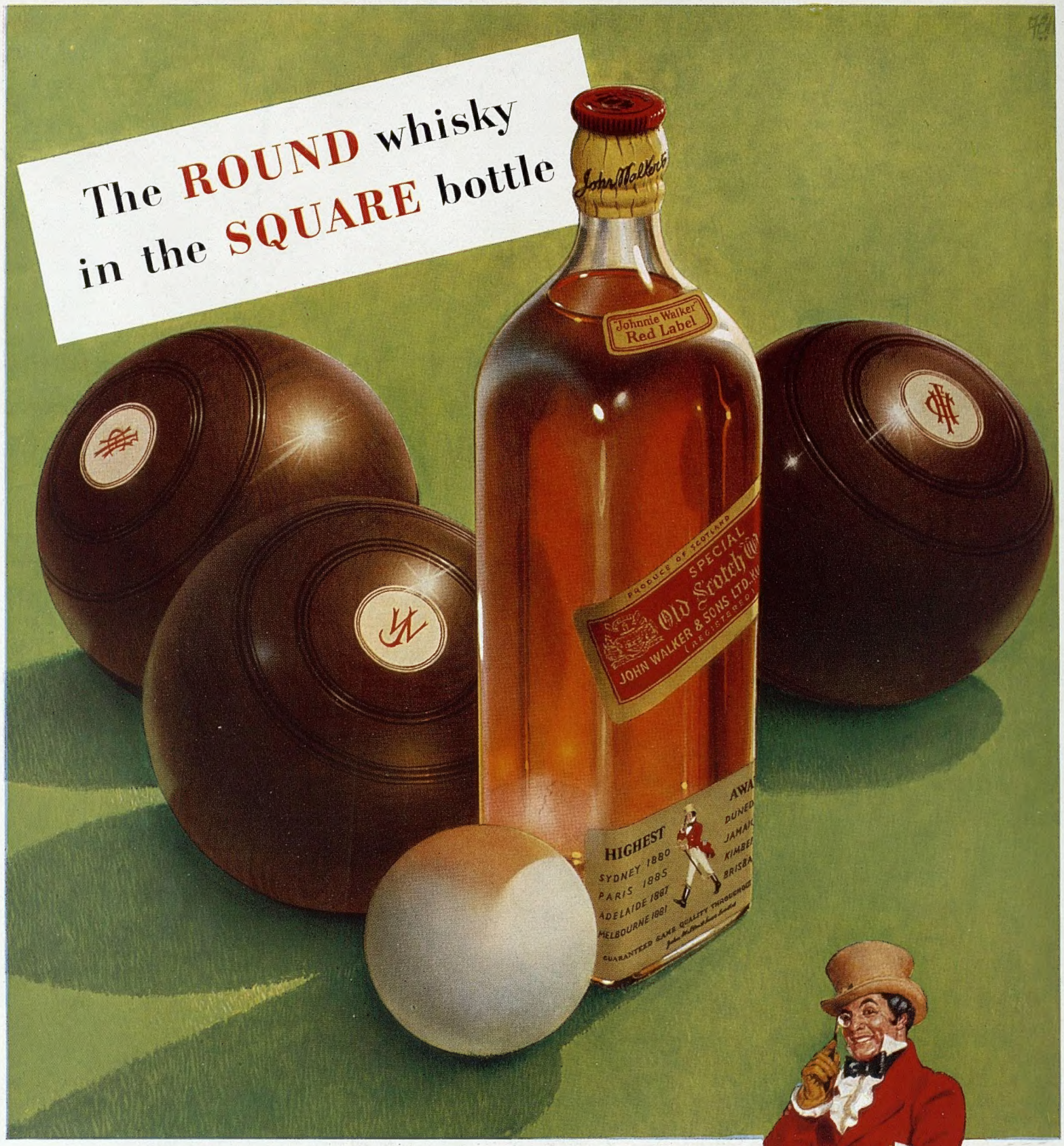

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